

The New REPUBLIC

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JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE
September 22, 1941

The Anti-Semitic Plot

by Michael Straight

Lindbergh's Nazi Pattern *Editorial*

The America First Party *Samuel Grafton*

Awake, America! *Robert Morss Lovett*

Before the Cameras Roll *Otis Ferguson*

Shoot on Sight

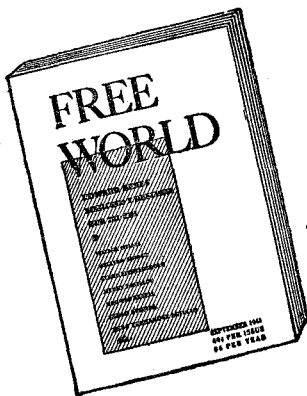
Editorial

FIFTEEN CENTS

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THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOL. 105, NO. 12

NEW YORK, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1941

NUMBER 1399

What Sort of Deal with Japan?

Just what is going on between the United States and Japan? It is clear that this country is making a strong effort to detach Japan from the Axis; she is being promised favors if she consents and is being threatened with a paralyzing blockade if she refuses. Beyond this, the public knows nothing.

The past record of the State Department justifies the fear that legitimate bargaining with Japan may go over into illegitimate appeasement. We never got anywhere with the Japanese until a few weeks ago, when, for the first time in years, we refused to be bluffed out of following our own policy. In our bargaining we must remember that the Japanese government is still highly unreliable; that it is still fascist in character; that it still wants to rule lands in Asia occupied by other races whom it would reduce to slavery. With it the only politics you can play is power politics. Under no circumstances should we make any bargain that implies a lessening of our aid to China. On the contrary, no matter what Japan promises, that aid should be extended until China is able to bargain with her gangster neighbor on equal terms.

Europe East and West

Reports from London are steadily warning against overoptimism about the fighting in Russia and the communiqués of both Nazis and Russians bear them out. Leningrad is being pinched tighter and tighter, for all its superb resistance. When and if it goes, the Russian

Baltic fleet goes with it, some of it quite possibly into the hands of the Germans in condition to be used. The hard Russian counter-attack in the center, toward Smolensk, regained considerable territory but does not seem to be reaching the dimensions of the predicted counter-offensive. There is little evidence that it has forced the Germans to draw men from either the Leningrad region or their southern wing. Hitler's troops have established a bridgehead across the Dnieper south of Kiev. That bastion, Kharkov, the great industrial center and the Crimea are dangerously threatened.

The brilliant Russian defense has heartened the conquered people of Europe. The bitterest anti-Nazi outbreaks since the conquest are in progress in Norway, Hungary, Yugoslavia, the Netherlands and Rumania. Norway is under martial law. Swedish willingness to fight Nazi invaders when that becomes unavoidable, as it will be, is said to be growing, stimulated partly by what is happening to her neighbor, Norway, and partly by her own increasing military strength. As long as Russia is fighting, the Nazis must wage war on an inner front as well as an Eastern one. The key word for the United States is speed.

On Aiding Red Russia

Both in England and America, a good many people object to aiding Russia in her war against Germany, on the ground that they don't like communism and don't want to feed the strength of a communist state. Laying aside the question whether Russia has or ever will have communism (it looks more like state socialism to a good

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many people) and without wishing to get into sophisticated dialectics, we think these people are making a bad mistake from their own point of view. If the United States and England help Russia, and Germany is thereby defeated, the pattern of Russian political life is bound to be enormously changed. Even the mujik will realize that the Soviet Union, with two-fifths more population than Germany and Italy combined, after twenty years of socialism, had to call upon the "corrupt and decadent democracies" for help.

But suppose America and England withheld their aid, and Russia, by a miracle that is not at all impossible, could wear down the Nazi army until the exhausted and dispirited German people at home rose in a final frenzy against Hitler and threw him out. Imagine the enormous worldwide prestige that Stalin and communism would then acquire. We should be told, and with the appearance of plausibility, that the shining sword of the USSR had proved that her people and her system were superior to all others. If you are opposed to communism, you had better work to establish the moral credit of democracy while the page is still blank.

The Trickle of Lease-Lend

The President's report on lease-lend activities during the second quarter shows that aid under it has been heartbreakingly small. Of the first \$7,000,000,000, goods representing only about 5 percent had been transferred up to August 31, of which only one-half represented munitions, food and services. Not even this comparatively tiny amount all went to Britain, as a headline reader might suppose; lease-lend aid is being given to twelve nations, several of them in this hemisphere. A short time ago the estimate was made in London that of all Britain's recent imports from the United States, only one and a half percent had been under lease-lend. The need is particularly acute for long-range bombers, of which as yet only a pitiful handful has reached the British Isles and of these a large part are reported as scrapped for obsolescence.

The hopeful fact in the picture is that the amounts seem to be expanding. The President is asking for another large appropriation—reported in advance as \$6,000,000,000. That he should get it, and at once, goes without saying. Put it in the most cold-blooded terms, if you like—terms much too cold-blooded for us: If you capitalize the national income of the United States on a 5-percent basis, the physical property of this country is worth about two trillion dollars. Insurance which costs thirteen billions annually is at the rate of three-eighths of one percent, a low premium indeed.

Argentina Slaps the Nazis

The Argentine Chamber of Deputies has approved, 79 to 1, a resolution censuring the German Ambassador, Baron Edmund von Thermann, for having "exceeded his functions and abused diplomatic privileges." The

Deputies also called for the dissolution of the German Labor Front and the German Chamber of Commerce and the expulsion of leaders of all German organizations engaged in anti-Argentine activities. The resolution followed an investigation which has showed the Nazis to be unbelievably arrogant and plainly subversive.

What makes the resolution doubly welcome is the fact that up until now Argentina has leaned over backwards to avoid giving the Nazis offense. The reason for the change of heart is not altogether clear, though power politics and the brightening prospects of the Allies may have had as much to do with it as anti-totalitarian sentiment. But whatever the motive, the result is good news.

Price Inflation

Secretary Morgenthau took off the gloves in his recent Boston speech in which he warned that the country is faced by a grave threat of price inflation. He might have gone farther than he did. Competent authorities estimate that the defense program has already cost at least an extra three billion dollars because of unjustified price increases. Within the next year or two, this waste may be eight billions or more. All over this country, consumers are being robbed by totally unjustified price increases in products of which there are heavy surpluses. Congress, heavily influenced by profiteers of one kind or another, shows a strange reluctance to pass the pending price-control bill. The victims of high prices, in its shortsighted view, are only the nation's consumers. The gentlemen in Washington ought to remember that consumers are also voters.

Mrs. Roosevelt's New Job

We think it is good news that Mrs. Roosevelt is to serve as Assistant Administrator of the Office of Civilian Defense with Mayor LaGuardia. The public knows Mrs. Roosevelt in various capacities, but is perhaps not aware that she is a competent executive—a fact she has often demonstrated in her work within the Democratic Party. For several reasons, there is bad confusion in the OCD. The new dollar-a-year woman should help materially in getting the work on a sound basis.

It Has Been Our Year

If you are discouraged about the state of the world, there is some reassurance in a brief backward glance. A year ago this week, England had experienced seventy-one air raids in twenty-one days, and a German invasion was expected from day to day, almost from hour to hour. Russia seemed quite as much Hitler's tacit ally as we seemed that of Britain. Our defense program still marked time until the industrialists got the right kind of amortization terms for new plants. Almazán was threatening a rebellion in Mexico; Carol had been deposed in Rumania by forces even more fascist than

himself. An attack on Gibraltar seemed imminent, with almost nothing to prevent its success; Mussolini was marching east in Libya and General Wavell at Cairo had only a handful of troops and machines to resist him. With France destroyed, even the most optimistic gave England only a bare chance of survival.

One year later, the scene is altogether changed and altogether to Hitler's disadvantage. He is truly encircled now, by a group including Russia, China, the British Empire, the United States, even the inhabitants of the occupied countries whose plight seemed so hopeless a year ago. In the Near and Middle East, Britain's desperate toehold has turned into firm command of Syria, Iraq and Iran. In the Battle of the Atlantic submarine sinkings, while still much too high, have dropped to a point where British and American combined shipbuilding can equal them. In this country, the wheels are at last turning and production should mount fast. How much the moral position of the anti-Hitler group has improved is demonstrated by Japan's hints that she may desert what looks like a sinking ship.

All this is not to say that our troubles are over. It is still possible that Russian resistance may crack. There are plenty of things wrong with our defense effort still, and the same is true of Britain's. Hitler remains a formidable enemy; we must fight him far harder than we are yet doing, to ensure success. Yet with twelve months of time as a gauge, we can see that progress has been made. It has been our year, not his.

"Union Now" and the Chinese

One of the soundest criticisms of Clarence Streit's proposal for a federation of the English-speaking peoples appears in a letter by Pearl Buck in the September issue of *Asia Magazine*. Miss Buck feels that Streit and his followers make a fatal mistake in omitting China from their plan. She points out that a federation of the white English-speaking countries, which looks so innocent to us, can look to the rest of the world like a new and more formidable type of imperialism. It would tend to draw China and Japan together—in spite of the present war—and would contain the seeds of the greatest struggle this unhappy globe has yet witnessed. The argument is made that China could not federate with the Anglo-Saxon peoples because her economy is so different from theirs. Miss Buck answers that China's economy is subject to change, that China has demonstrated her power as an ally of democracy, and that the Chinese could never be persuaded that they were excluded solely on economic and not racial grounds. Proponents of "Union Now" can answer her only by changing their plans.

Avoiding World War III

For several months some well informed men have been discussing the problems of American coöperation with the British nations. Meeting at the invitation of the National Planning Association, they have been con-

cerned with immediate economic collaboration against the Axis as well as with post-war coöperation. Their findings appear in the NPA's Planning Pamphlet No. 6.

The hope has frequently been expressed that out of collaboration for war will come collaboration for peace. That we must depend upon positive action, not drift, for this evolution is amply demonstrated by the breakdown of inter-Allied economic collaboration in 1919, a subject discussed, in one section, by Henry B. Brodie and Karl W. Kapp. This historical survey gives point to the NPA's warning: "Those who wish, in the interest of peace, to extend international planning should perhaps be on guard against two possibilities of error: one of these is the easy assumption that machinery for collaboration . . . will carry over into peacetime of its own momentum. The second is the danger of taking too seriously the talk of continuing coöperation which is likely to be prevalent after the war even while the machinery for its attainment is being scuttled."

Letters on Declaring War

Last week *The New Republic* concluded the publication of a group of letters from its 1941 contributors on the question: Do you favor a declaration of war at this time? As should surprise no one accustomed to dealing with intellectuals, many of our contributors had difficulty giving a straight yes-or-no answer. About 35 percent favored declaring war; 28 percent were against; 37 percent were undecided.

The reasons most frequently cited by those favoring a declaration were: outright participation would intensify the American war effort, hasten the war's end, give the United States a larger voice in the peace. Many letters also made the point that "now is the time" because Hitler is in deep trouble in Russia.

Among the chief reasons cited by the No's were: the nation is not physically or morally ready; entrance into the war would plunge the United States into an orgy of hate and lessen its effectiveness in planning the post-war world; the Allies should have all aid short of an expeditionary force.

Yes-and-no letters stressed the thought that the United States should fully state moral and social aims before declaring war. Also common was the feeling that it was up to the President and Congress to choose the best time for a war declaration. That view seemed based partly on the belief that the nation was not psychologically prepared, partly on the conviction that, except formally, war had already been declared.

None of the letters in any category minimized the dangers of Nazism to American democracy. Nearly all seemed to look forward confidently to Allied victory, and many were as concerned with the problems of future peace as with those of current war. Conclusions are left to our readers to draw. One conclusion is not likely to be missed: *New Republic* contributors are not regimented!

The Anti-People's Lobby

Some disgraceful subverting of public trusteeship is going on in insurance circles. We refer particularly to a demagogic leaflet called "Why Your Life Insurance Dividends Have Been Cut," which was distributed in Ohio by the Ohio Division of the People's Committee to Defend Life Insurance and Savings, an insurance-company pressure group, and which the National Conference of Investors, a railroad investors' lobby, is now preparing to send to every life-insurance policy-holder in the state of New York.

The purpose of the propaganda is to shift any responsibility for dividend reductions from overpaid insurance officials to the government. "Billions that might have been saved for defense have been thrown away on worthless projects like Passamaquoddy, Florida Ship Canal, etc., etc." Although the purpose is to bring pressure on Congress to cut all non-defense spending, not a single other specific suggestion is made as to where these reductions could be effected. "In Germany inflation, caused by government spending, destroyed over 99 percent of the purchasing power of savings. . . ." "In order to secure a low interest rate on . . . bonds, the government enacted laws and adopted policies which seriously reduced all interest rates." The pamphlet is so oversimplified as to be almost illiterate, but that does not excuse misinterpretations and half-truths. One way to save insurance dividends is to quit spending the policy-holder's money on unsocial propaganda.

What Are the Short Waves Saying?

So many parts of our defense effort are still dark that it is a pleasure to report an occasional exception. One enterprise that seems to have started off well is the government listening post set up to report foreign radio propaganda. Radio is of course an important weapon in the present war, and we should have started studying it, officially, a long time ago. Now that we are at it, we seem to be doing a good job. Four listening stations in Oregon, Texas, Maryland and Puerto Rico are hearing nearly a million words a day, in dozens of languages. Anything of significance is immediately translated and flashed to all the appropriate departments of the government. At noon each day a complete summary of the previous night's political broadcasting throughout the world is prepared and made available to all our officials who need it.

These broadcasts are of importance for several reasons, not the least of which is that they often forecast significant government action. Thus it was possible from the sudden change in the tone of German and Japanese broadcasting to predict the attack on Russia and the invasion of French Indo-China.

From this point of view, it is interesting to note a sharp alteration in the tone of Berlin broadcasters who usually anticipate Hitler's coming policy. Until lately,

the Berlin short-wave broadcasts spent most of their time screaming about "the bloody Bolsheviks." Today, they have dropped this theme and are devoting their principal energy to ranting about that super-imperialist Roosevelt and his designs on the rest of the world.

The Vindicator

It is difficult to take seriously a statesman whose distinguishing work in the Senate consists of wearing bow ties and bending at an acute angle over such feminine hands as he can snare in the gallery. Still it would be a mistake to dismiss with a lifted eyebrow the antics of our Senator Reynolds. There is too much vigor behind his demagoguery, and too much purpose in his personal organ, *The American Vindicator*.

What the contents in general of that paper are may be guessed from the Senator's program: a ten-year stoppage of all immigration, outlawing the Communists, Nazis and all fascists except native ones, and baiting aliens and labor unions. Such a refugee-deplorer as Congressman Allen of Louisiana gets some ten columns in one issue. The isolationist arguments run the *America First* gamut, with additions at the lower end of the scale. Dies makes the headlines, but pictorial representation is pretty well limited to Uncle Sam and Senator Reynolds, "president and editor" of *The Vindicator*. In the August issue we are twice confronted with his bow-tied elegance, once in a striking pose which takes up the full five-column width of the paper. There is also a large cut of the badge for the "Border Patrol of *The Vindicator*." "Here is an opportunity for American youth—you boys—to earn a little spending money by distributing from house to house, copies of *The American Vindicator*. From time to time we distribute sample copies. . . ." Who pays for them?

Voice for a Free World

"More than an editorial event, its appearance is a political act." Thus the editors of *Free World*, a monthly published at 55 West Forty-second Street, New York, whose first issue goes on public sale shortly. In a statement of policy the editorial board, which includes Sir Norman Angell, Pierre Cot, Freda Kirchwey, Walter Millis and Robert J. Watt, announces that the magazine's aim is to serve as a voice for those who believe "the time is ripe for common action to win the war and win the peace." The board is convinced that a strong voice for democracy, speaking from this country and directed mainly at those who are fighting for democracy in other lands, can greatly influence events in Europe, Asia and Latin America. Spanish and Chinese editions are to be published, and leading articles are to reach Europe over short-wave and "by means which it would not be discreet to reveal." The first number contains work by T. V. Soong, Walter Duranty and Carlo Sforza and a long report from underground France. May the voice of *Free World* carry far.

Last Week

The New York Herald Tribune is all upset. It announced that its annual Forum on Current Problems, scheduled to be held in October, has been postponed to some unspecified later date. "This decision has been reached," it explained, "because rapid changes in world conditions during these critical days make it impossible at this time to present a program closely tied to events here and abroad." In other words, the special issue laid out in August had to go into the wastebasket in September and The Herald Tribune got discouraged. Every publication is getting that blow these days, and various solutions are being tried. Time sends out special bulletins to explain how it commandeered eight railroads, kept four thousand printers working Sundays and sent Henry Luce to Chicago by plane to hold lighted matches over the press to dry the ink while it changed its cover picture in ten minutes, or words to that effect. . . . The New Republic has laid out a special issue for early November. We are going to print it. If it doesn't tie up with events, events are wrong. . . . PM has developed a technique for handling that problem which is really catching on. It consists in publishing office memoranda about why the story couldn't be written, in place of the story. This week the Anaconda Wire and Cable Company did it in its page advertisement in Business Week and I. F. Stone, Washington editor of our most esteemed contemporary, The Nation, made a fine lead out of it for his "Memo on Japan" article: "Memo to the Home Office: I cannot confirm the story you hear that Jesse Jones might give the Japanese a loan," etc.

Shoot on Sight

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT's worldwide radio address on September 11 marked a definite advance in American policy, but a smaller one than most people had been led to expect. From now on, we shall shoot at sight if we see an Axis submarine or surface raider operating within the American defensive zone. What is that zone? The President avoided saying, and his lack of clarity was no doubt intentional. It certainly includes, however, the waters between the United States and Iceland. In that region we intend to protect not only our own ships but those of every other nationality. In other words, we are taking over the job of convoying British vessels that far. This is an important military step. It ought to release part of the British navy for use in other quarters where it is badly needed—to support a new campaign in Libya or to prevent the Italian fleet from getting through the Dardanelles into the Black Sea to participate in the Russian war.

While the President did not mention the Pacific, it is obvious that we have a defensive zone there as well.

The German raider reported operating in the vicinity of the Galapagos Islands has apparently sunk several vessels bringing tin, rubber and other badly needed supplies to the United States. Interference with our imports can be an even uglier matter than interference with our exports. It is impossible to believe that this country will permit such depredations if they can be stopped.

To be sure, many Americans were somewhat disappointed with the President's speech because he did not go farther. The New Republic, which favors an immediate declaration of war on the Axis, would naturally have welcomed much more vigorous steps than the mere convoying of British vessels as far as Iceland. Previous speeches of the President, going back several months, have implied that such convoying was already in operation. There are many things he could do short of declaring war that would supplement what he now announces.

He could break diplomatic relations and send home the whole group of spies and saboteurs who now operate brazenly under the cloak of diplomatic immunity. He could ask Congress for the repeal of those sections of the neutrality law which hamper our effort to give effective aid to England and Russia. (This the newspapers say he is on the point of doing.) He could insist that we stop appeasing Japan, Vichy-France and Spain. He could fight in Congress for removal of the gross injustices at home which drag back upon our morale, including the fact that we are not taking and apparently do not intend to take more than a small fraction of the huge profits big industrial firms are making out of the defense effort. He could exert all possible pressure on a lagging Congress for immediate action on the price-control bill, so badly needed to halt unnecessary price inflation. We wish in short that the President had gone much farther than he has done; but it is still something that he has thrust his flag into the earth at the point already reached, for all the world to see.

Has he acted improperly, and seized power that constitutionally belongs to Congress? A group of fifty-eight Americans, including some well known students of law, have just signed a joint declaration that this is the case. With all deference to those distinguished authorities who, however, think politically just like anyone else, we do not believe it. The President is Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy. It is his sworn duty to protect the American safety. The doctrine of freedom of the seas is long established and generally recognized. When Congress wrote the neutrality law it clearly supported that doctrine for all waters not specifically forbidden in the statute to American vessels. Even the isolationists would object to a President who ordered the American navy to permit its own ships and American merchantmen to be sunk without firing a shot in defense, or brought all our vessels into port to be tied up behind anti-submarine

nets. It is true that in some of the President's actions Congress should have participated. That it has not done so is a grave reflection on the quality of a large part of the national legislature. The President, in acting in the national interest, has not usurped congressional power, but has followed a quite proper constitutional course.

Hitler is now on the horns of a dilemma. If he tells his navy not to shoot at the Americans, he stands a good chance of losing the war because of the aid, in ever increasing amount, that we can bring to England, Russia and China. If he shoots, as he has done on several occasions in the past few days, he both runs the risk of an actual declaration of war by this country and suffers the very great additional handicap of the American fleet supplementing the British one. The German people, even with their faculties paralyzed by the Nazi hypnosis, can remember how in the last war the Kaiser brought in the Americans under very similar circumstances and thereby lost the struggle. The parallel will hardly escape them. When Hitler began shooting at American ships he may have made a second colossal blunder, born of his insane egoism, similar to the attack on Russia. It has been far too long, for his own good, since Hitler had a smashing success of any sort. The more he shoots at American ships, the more likely it is that the full force of the American democracy will be turned against him. In this sense, the President's speech was indeed historic—not as the end of anything but as the beginning of something whose end no man can see.

Lindbergh's Nazi Pattern

TO GET AT the real meaning of Charles A. Lindbergh's anti-Semitic speech at Des Moines, one must begin not in Des Moines in 1941 but in Germany before 1933. We agree with Michael Straight's report from Washington, in this issue of *The New Republic*, that the various recent attacks on the Jews are not merely a coincidence. Just as the sinking of an American ship by a Nazi raider is not an isolated "incident," so Lindbergh's threat to the American Jews, stark as it is, must not be viewed by itself. Those who had studied the history of the Nazi movement knew it was coming, as they also knew the attack on Hollywood was coming. Anti-Semitism has been implicit in the whole record of the America First Committee and its satellites among the isolationist Senators. Now it has become explicit. Lindbergh's speech, like the Nye-Clark-Wheeler campaign against the film industry, is best seen as part of a pattern, and that pattern is Nazi.

For the Nazi pattern has always been to use anti-Semitism as the most powerful ingredient in the crucible of hatreds. The recipe is simple: you appeal to as many discontented groups as possible; there will

be clashes of interest and attitude among them, however, and so, to get past these difficulties and fuse the disparate elements in your movement, you invoke the powerful force of unreason formed in religious hatred. You may start with the best of intentions; you may at the beginning prefer to avoid intolerance. But ultimately, if you are in a movement which is indifferent to Hitlerism or seeking to appease it or apologize for it or coöperate with it, the temptation to use the force of anti-Semitism is too great, and you succumb to it.

Consider Lindbergh as an instance. Up to now he has played the part of the detached and non-political patriot. Not for him to stir hatreds, or soil himself in the mud of politics. He recognized, of course, even when he was talking loftily of the inevitable triumph of the Nazis, that Hitler had committed ghastly cruelties. But in the phrase popularized by his wife, he saw Hitlerism as "the scum on the wave of the future." The idea was that we could skim off the scum, and have the clear waves wash our American shores.

Now he is neck-deep in the scum itself. There are three groups, he told us in his Des Moines speech, who are trying to get America into the war: the British, the Jews, and the administration. With a sickening hypocrisy he admits that the Nazi persecutions "would be sufficient to make bitter enemies of any race." But, he goes on to warn, the Jews are "agitating for war." They own and control "our motion pictures, our press, our radio and our government." And if they continue agitating for war, "they will be among the first to feel its consequences."

This is at once slick and crude. Goebbels could not have done better. For this is the precise language of the Nazi yahoos. One of the earliest of the Nazi slogans, even before Hitler came to power, was that the Jews owned and controlled the press, the radio, the government. Actually it was not true in Germany as it is not true in America, but since when has the Nazi mentality cared for the facts? The Nazis used the "stab in the back" (*Dolchenstoss*) slogan: the Jews, they said, had stabbed Germany in the back and lost the war for the Germans. Lindbergh's variation is that the Jews are getting us into the war. But the pattern is the same. Lindbergh knows that there is a deeply rooted hatred of the British in America. He knows that there is still a die-hard minority that hates the administration as it hates little else in the world. He knows what fighting words are "Communists," "capitalists," "intellectuals" in the vocabulary of American ignorance and prejudice. All of these, in his speech, he makes part of his indictment of the warmongers. But he finishes and fuses the pattern by his appeal to religious hatred. And in doing so he is, in effect, inviting all the separate hate-groups to combine in a common hatred of the Jews.

That is one aspect of his speech. There is another as well: an attempt to blackmail those Americans who

are also Jews into silence by threatening them with dire consequences if they continue to exercise their rights as Americans to speak and vote on either side of the issue of Hitlerism. And the same blackmail threat is to be seen in the star-chamber proceedings that Senator Wheeler has set up to try the American film industry. Those who work in that industry, as writers, directors, actors, producers, are being warned to change their anti-Nazi convictions or else run the risk of having all anti-Hollywood slogans invoked against the industry.

There is, both in the Lindbergh speech and in the attack on the film industry, a judgment of social forces that is either naïve or sinister. Do Lindbergh and the isolationist Senators and the America First Committee really believe that the anti-Nazi feeling of the vast majority of the American people is the creation of particular groups in America? Do they want us to believe that the crimes of the Nazis, their politics of force and fraud and terror, their drive for world domination, their designs upon American freedom, do not exist in reality but are merely the invention of particular Americans? Since they cannot be so naïve, we must conclude that they know better but are quite consciously using their slogans to enlist mass support for a movement to paralyze American opposition to Hitler's ideas and his plans.

They will not be successful. The response to their provocations has from every source, from every political and religious persuasion, been immediate and unmistakable. The hatred of Nazism has been slow to make headway among Americans. For a long time it did not reach Hollywood, the press, administration policy, and the real criticism that might be leveled at all of these is that they were too slow to read the meaning of Nazism for America, rather than too quick. But the Nazis themselves have, through their own acts, built into American thought a deep and solid humanist opposition to them that will take more than Lindbergh and the group of adventurers around him to break down.

To Illustrate Freedom

WHAT the 400 scientists, philosophers and theologians, who gathered last week at Columbia University for the Second Conference on Science, Philosophy and Religion in Their Relation to the Democratic Way of Life actually did was a good deal more lively and pointed than the title of their gathering would suggest. What they did was to dispute. What we all forget, since there is little in the disputes to which we listen to remind us of it, is that the root-meaning of that word is "to think."

The scientists, philosophers and theologians went at it hard for four days. Van Wyck Brooks disputed the

value of the work of T. S. Eliot, James Joyce, Marcel Proust, Paul Valéry and Gertrude Stein. "A great writer is a great man writing," said Mr. Brooks. Numerous writers disputed that. Professor Douglas Bush of Harvard thought that the United States has the most elaborate and expensive educational system in the world, and the most ineffectual. He was thinking about "progressive education," and that brought Dr. W. H. Kilpatrick of Teachers' College up standing. Professor Harold C. Urey of Columbia took issue with the idea that scientists should assume a more active role in the direction of world affairs; he would far rather have them in the hands of FDR and Winston Churchill than in those of any scientist he could think of. Dr. Caryl P. Haskins of Union College disagreed. "Either the scientist should control the application of his work or he should cease to work," he said, and the scientists gathered at Columbia went to work on that.

Professor Karl F. Herzfeld, of the Catholic University of America, thought that our secondary education is a lawyer's and salesman's education and said he didn't care for it. Many, not all, agreed. Dr. Max Schoen developed the thought that life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness are "natural" rights and, as The New York Times chastely observed, "Professor Urey, Professor Herzfeld and Professor Taylor all took issue with Dr. Schoen's thesis on various grounds." Even our old friend Professor Babbitt's enemy Rousseau got into the argument, for the first time in quite a while. All greeted the Frenchman enthusiastically, from the various points of view.

Where it all came out was a formal resolution, drawn up to define the common ground on which the scientists and the philosophers and the men of varied faiths came together. They agreed that the common factor in all the theses and all the thoughts was a belief in "the dignity and worth of the human personality." The human personality is varied, diverse and disputatious. It flowers in freedom. The conference at Columbia did not define freedom, in its concluding resolution. It illustrated it in its four days' activity.

THE NEW REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

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The Anti-Semitic Conspiracy

THE CONVICTION is growing in Washington that an organized campaign of intimidation and terror has been undertaken in America against the Jews. It is believed that this campaign is closely directed from Berlin and that participating in it, whether conscious of its source or not, there are both Father Coughlin and the America First Committee. Lindbergh's outburst against the Jews at Des Moines on September 11 and the simultaneous opening of hearings before the subcommittee of the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee investigating the motion-picture industry are seen as part of this organized campaign.

The basic structure of this anti-Semitic, pro-Nazi campaign is a chain of small newspapers and magazines which have sprung up throughout America and in particular in the Middle West. The articles used in these publications resemble closely those printed in foreign-language papers controlled directly by Adolf Hitler.

I have seen the files of many of these papers. Typical of them is X-Ray, a weekly magazine published in Muncie, Indiana, by Court Asher.

X-Ray is full of quotations from Martin Dies, Representative Martin L. Sweeney of Ohio, The Chicago Tribune and isolationist Senators. It attempts to sabotage the defense effort by such slanders as its attack on the oil-conservation program, which it describes as a "Jew scheme" conceived by "Ikey Ickes," the Jew war-monger," to increase the profits of the men whom it describes as the "International Jew Money Kings who are promoting war for the United States." Of the Russian resistance to Hitler, X-Ray writes that "the Jew Deal promoted Bloody Joe Stalin from a butcher from Hell, and anti-Christ barbarian, and a world menace THAT HE IS to a 'democracy,' when Bloody Joe and his red-rat government got into the war to save Britain and International Jewry." A reference is later made to "the Jew-British hyena." X-Ray is openly pro-Nazi. "Hitler's successes to a very great extent are due to his having no Jews in the German government to betray it," say certain authorities," is a typical statement.

X-Ray in Muncie, Publicity in Des Moines, The Broom in Los Angeles and scores of similar papers are not trivial sheets of the old William Dudley Pelley kind. They are a definite part of a movement to prevent America from playing its full part in the struggle against fascism, and they find their national counterparts in magazines such as Scribner's Commentator, which recently moved from New York to Wisconsin to get away from the "foreign-born atmosphere of the metropolis." The America First Committee is steadily moving toward open identification with these groups and is, I have learned, about to undertake an active

anti-Semitic campaign in Detroit with the tacit approval of the semi-fascist National Workers' League.

Lindbergh's speech of September 11 in which he linked the Jews with British agents and the administration in fomenting war hysteria follows a long line of similar speeches by the small band of America First Senators. In many speeches by the late Senator Lundeen the same assertions may be found. Senator Wheeler's anti-Semitism has often been the subject of public discussion. Senator Nye on August 2 delivered a speech in St. Louis in which he denounced as interventionist fifteen Hollywood executives, thirteen of whom were Jewish. That Nye went out of his way to single out Jewish names may be seen in his choice of two New York officials of Loew's, Sam Katz and David Bernstein, whose connections with the production of films is only indirect. It was at this meeting that an observer described Nye as "drolly exaggerating the most Hebraic-sounding syllables with pauses to encourage his inflamed listeners to shout and hiss."

The investigation of the motion-picture industry which began a few days ago is believed to have been initiated by advisers of Senator Wheeler. Because its sponsors, Senator Nye and Senator Bennett Clark, did not command enough votes to bring a resolution for a proper Senate investigation to the floor of the Senate, it was created as a subcommittee of the Interstate Commerce Committee, of which Senator Wheeler is chairman. Its members were, of course, appointed by Senator Wheeler. Its majority members consist of Senator Bone, who has not yet attended any hearings, Senator Brooks, the protégé of The Chicago Tribune, and Senator Tobey, a virulent anti-Semite whom I myself heard speak of "that Jew of Jews, Sol Bloom" at a meeting in Wilton, New Hampshire, in the summer of 1940.

The purpose of the subcommittee has been stated to be to investigate the concentration of control in the motion-picture industry. It is clearly not so. This issue, which was discussed at great length by Nye, Senator Bennett Clark and John T. Flynn, was introduced only in the form of an amendment to the original motion. Senator Nye himself stated that it was not the purpose of the investigation. The Anti-Trust Division of the Department of Justice for two years investigated the concentration of control in the motion-picture industry and obtained in 1940 a consent decree which is today administered by a special unit of the Department of Justice. Neither was the investigation called to smear films already made. Senators Nye and Clark have not even seen many of the films they condemn.

The purpose of this kangaroo court is believed here to be twofold: to incite racial hatred as a means of

dividing America and to threaten Hollywood producers that unless they abandon the anti-fascist struggle and support the America First Committee, an anti-Semitic campaign will be organized on a wide scale in America. It is this latter threat, even more insidious than simple anti-Semitism, which is seen in the opening testimony of Senator Nye. "Let us not disguise the facts or fool ourselves about the seriousness of this general anti-Semitic nightmare," Nye told the subcommittee. "Every one of us is hearing more and more every day of the growth of anti-Semitism here in our own country. Much of this growing spirit, I believe, traces to the quite natural Jewish sympathy for and support of such foreign policy as appears to be unfriendly to such forces abroad as are persecuting people of their faith. Jewish radio commentators, columnists and publications have afforded in so many instances a constant opposition to those who fight what they believed were steps of intervention, that many people seem to assume that our Jewish citizenry would have our country and its sons taken into this foreign war.

"It is but natural to expect," Nye added, "that a perplexed, angry, burdened, unemployed people will be ready to respond to the agitators who will want to help them find the scapegoat responsible for it all. . . . Organized forces and their leaders will find a goat. Who that goat will be most likely we have good reason to recognize from what we are hearing and seeing every day." Then came the key remark. "I wish," Nye said, "that those who would be its victims would sense the possibilities."

This barely veiled threat follows exactly the line laid down by Frank Hanighen, a powerful force in the America First Committee, who delivered a similar warning to the Jews in the June issue of *Common Sense*.

Of course the warning is not limited to Jewish Americans alone. Persecution of foreign-born Americans is an old device for gaining special ends. It is being exploited to the full in the present investigation. Of the four directors named by Nye as primarily responsible for interventionist propaganda, three are foreign-born. These are the men whom Nye described as those who come to America "with inborn hatreds and prejudices . . . with hearts bleeding for their one and only homeland . . ." who are "naturally far more interested in the fate of their homelands than they are in the fortunes of the United States." Even Charlie Chaplin is included in this slanderous list. The objective here is obvious—to terrorize the millions of foreign-born Americans into supporting the isolationist forces.

Fascism has taken a long stride forward in America. Wendell Willkie's motion that the present investigation be discontinued as improper and without basis in fact was rejected by the subcommittee. It should be filed again in the name of the American people. Another motion should be filed beside it, that Congress immediately investigate the anti-Semitic, anti-foreign-born and Nazi-inspired propaganda which is flooding the United States, in which isolationist forces play so influential a part.

Washington

MICHAEL STRAIGHT

American Protection for Eire

HITLER'S ATTACK ON RUSSIA is the prelude to his invasion of Great Britain. Unless the Battle of Russia fundamentally upsets the German calculations, we have to expect that invasion attempt, as Winston Churchill insists. The British Navy and the Royal Air Force effectively guard the entrances to England. Ireland is the weak point in her defense. It should not occasion surprise if Hitler were to begin his invasion of Great Britain with an attack on Ireland.

There was evidence of such an intention in the German propaganda as early as the summer of 1940, propaganda which hinted at the possibility of dropping large numbers of troops in Ireland from transport planes. Eire is almost undefended in the air. It may be possible that the recent conquest of Crete was a rehearsal for the invasion, not of England, but of Eire.

A strong feeling of anxiety has prevailed in Eire since early in the summer of 1940, when Premier Eamon De Valera warned the Irish people of the imminent danger. A National Defense Council was then formed, which included not only members of the

government but also representatives of the Fine Gael (Cosgrave's party) and the head of the Labor Party. The threat to the nation gave rise to a unique national unity, in which deep-rooted political differences gave way before the common danger. Overnight Eire began a rearmament program which expanded her fighting forces from one division to an army of about one hundred and twenty thousand men.

The odds are heavily against Eire's chances of defending herself against a German attack, primarily because she lacks any real air defense. Moreover, Eire is in desperate need of all heavy modern war equipment, tanks, heavy guns and the like. The Irish government has begged for such military supplies from this country. General Frank Aiken, Eire's Minister for the Coördination of Defensive Measures, admits in a recent article in an American magazine that "we know that alone we could not resist a major power indefinitely."

The British have massed a large army in northern Ireland. But public opinion in Eire is so vehemently

opposed to permitting British troops to enter the territory of the Irish Free State that even in case of a German attack there would be controversy and delay. The occupation of Ireland would complete the encirclement of Great Britain. With the Irish harbors in his hands, Hitler would be in a position to cut the British lifeline across the Atlantic, and to place the fortress of Great Britain in a state of siege. Its eventual reduction would be certain.

Our national security demands that no hostile power be permitted to establish itself within striking distance of this country. In an age of aerial warfare, the implications of this policy must be greatly extended. The United States, acting on this principle, has already undertaken the protection of Greenland and Iceland, at the request of their peoples. In view of the strategic position of Ireland, Eire could certainly be included within the same policy.

Eire is by her constitution a free and sovereign state; but she remains in close contact with Great Britain. Geographically, of course, the Irish state would have a natural place in a defense system covering the British Isles; and half her import and almost all her export trade is with Great Britain. But De Valera, at the beginning of the war, proclaimed the strict neutrality of the Irish state. Eire flatly refuses to permit troops of a belligerent nation to enter her territory. That she must be consistently neutral was her argument against British proposals for the use of her harbors.

A further grave difficulty is the unsettled relation between the Irish people and the English, centering around the partition of the island into northern Ireland, predominantly Protestant and British-minded, and the Catholic and patriotically independent Eire. This issue was clearly stated by De Valera in 1938 when he concluded the Irish-English economic war and the Irish harbors were restored to Eire. He declared then that no reconciliation could be complete as long as the partition of the country existed. The feeling resulting from the seven-century struggle between the two peoples is still so intense that if De Valera permitted British troops to reënter the territory of Eire he would probably be considered by his people an Irish Quisling.

The United States is the only power which could meet the exigencies of the Irish problem—granted the coöperation of Great Britain and Ireland. The prestige of the United States is very high among the Irish; and the tremendous number of Americans of Irish descent—a “little Ireland” larger in numbers than the mother country—forms a natural bond between the two peoples. Irish confidence in America is such, in fact, that the Irish people would have no fear that American protection would threaten their freedom and independence. Finally, the position of Eire as a neutral state would not be prejudiced by the protection of a non-belligerent country such as the United States.

No measure could offer greater security to the Irish people than to be extended the protection of the United States. Germany, of course, urges that protection is unnecessary for neutral countries. But this love-song of the wolf to the lamb can no longer deceive anyone after the tragic disillusionment of Denmark, Norway, Holland, Belgium, Yugoslavia and Greece. The appalling suppression and exploitation of these countries should constitute a dire warning to any who might think lightly of the consequences of a German occupation. Moreover, the highly religious Irish people cannot possibly fail to see the present struggle in its true light as a war between Christianity and the new paganism of Adolf Hitler.

The United States should offer Eire a guarantee of complete independence and security for the duration of the war. If this guarantee is to mean anything, the United States would have to take immediate steps to render Eire an impregnable fortress like Great Britain. This would imply the dispatching of troops, the establishing of military strongholds, the building of airports and naval bases and similar steps. On such a basis it would be possible for the United States to grant the request of the government of Eire for supplies of American war materials.

Such action would safeguard Ireland in the interests of the three English-speaking democracies. It would give the American navy control, during the war, of the Irish harbors, the supreme importance of which in the Battle of the Atlantic has been stressed by Winston Churchill and by Admiral William Pratt in this country. It would mean the freedom of the Atlantic. And it would be a body blow to Hitler's hope of a successful invasion of England.

HANS GLUCKSTADT

About Hell

Those who have spent a week or a day in hell
 Watch native streets take on a foreign air;
 Interiors grow strange, table and chair
 And even the uncut book harbors a scorching smell.
 No walk is ever the same, no room, no face,
 But nether heat plays blackly over it,
 Shadowing with furrows of the pit
 A child's clear brow. Such bear from place to place
 Hell's landscape: cliffs of silence closing in
 Upon them, gulfs of rage opening before;
 The idiot waste stretches beside the door;
 Then in their ears resuming fires begin.
 Let them jump on a bus or a boat or push into a train,
 They are loaded down with the endured, the known.
 On everything they touch that ash is blown.
 Hell stares back from every mirror and pane.
 It travels with the traveler everywhere
 Like no other country visited.
 He retains the citizenship of the dead,
 And returns home to find that hell is there.

BABETTE DEUTSCH

The Color Line Cracks a Little

IN MUCH OF THE NATION Jim Crow still bars the door of opportunity, but the American Negro has recently had reason to hope that in the future the door may be opened much wider. From Washington have come signs that Jim Crow weighs more heavily than before on the federal conscience. In an hour when this country is giving aid in the battle against the forces of racial injustice abroad, a few blows at least have been struck against racial injustice at home.

President Roosevelt has instructed the heads of all government departments and agencies to hire without regard to "creed, race or religion," and he has singled out the Negro as the chief victim of what he called "some lack of sympathetic attitude toward the problems of minority groups" in the federal establishment. True, such instructions have been issued before. But this time the President has deemed it "imperative" for the government to eradicate Jim Crowism in its own employment policies, and now there are grounds for believing that the moment for reform may be ripe.

The "policy of non-discrimination" set forth by the President comes hard behind a series of Supreme Court decisions that called the segregation issue sharply to the nation's attention. The most recent of these decisions grew out of a case that had its beginnings in a trip that Representative Arthur W. Mitchell made from Chicago to Hot Springs, Arkansas, four years ago.

Mr. Mitchell had obtained Pullman accommodations for the journey. On reaching the Arkansas line, however, he was compelled by the train conductor to leave the Pullman car and complete the trip in an antiquated Jim Crow day coach ahead. This was done on the grounds that in Arkansas Negro and white must travel in separate cars. Since the railroad had provided no separate Pullman car for the use of Negroes, the congressman had to go to the day coach provided for the exclusive use of Negroes.

Mr. Mitchell, feeling that his rights as a citizen had been violated, appealed without success to the Interstate Commerce Commission and then to the federal courts. Last spring the Supreme Court unanimously sustained Mr. Mitchell's complaint. The decision, it must be emphasized, did not deal with the constitutionality of the segregation law itself. Representative Mitchell had not challenged that law in his complaint, and the Court limited itself to the *administration* of the segregation law.

Laws establishing segregation always specify or strongly imply that the service provided shall be separate but equal between the races. In spite of this, the accommodations have never been equal. Separate Pullman accommodations, for example, are not available

for Negroes. The separate day coaches provided for them on Southern trains are restricted as to space; they are frequently dirty, overcrowded and generally unsatisfactory. All of this has been ignored by the state agencies administering the laws. The decision in the Mitchell case simply says that in states requiring "separate but equal accommodations" for the races the accommodations must be equal. From the standpoint of those who feel that the practice of segregation is undemocratic and un-American, the decision still leaves the fundamental question unsolved.

The decision, however, will have some influence on the situation in the South. The railroads cannot afford to furnish equal but separate accommodations. They have never pretended to do so. They will not as a result of this decision install separate Pullman cars for Negroes in the segregation states. However, they do want to sell transportation. For a number of years the roads in the South have been increasingly admitting Negro passengers to Pullman cars on interstate journeys. At first they were given "Lower Thirteen," which in Southern railroad parlance is the drawing room occupied at the price of a lower by Negroes whom the road desires "to take care of." More recently it is becoming a common thing for Negro passengers to be admitted to Pullman cars.

This has not been a fixed policy and because of lack of uniformity in practice is unsatisfactory to Negro travelers who can never be sure in advance whether the service will be available. The increasing practice does mean, however, that the roads welcome the increased patronage. The fact that the traveling public has paid little attention to this change indicates that the roads can go further in this direction without encountering any great hostility on the part of white travelers. The roads may be expected to take advantage of this decision in further extending Pullman service to Negroes.

This is one of three fairly recent Supreme Court decisions which have dealt with various phases of segregation. The first established the rights of Negroes in states having separate schools to every type of training available to any other citizen. The second upheld the right of Negro teachers in segregated schools to equal pay for equal training and work. In each of these cases the Supreme Court set aside the findings of lower courts and applied the principle of equal treatment under the segregation laws.

More significant than the decisions themselves has been the reaction of the South to them. There has been in the South no open or significant criticism of the decisions. On the other hand, there has been much serious

discussion among responsible people, including officials. Through all this discussion has run the assumption that Southern practice must be brought into line with these court decisions. The absence of outbursts from extremists has been significant. As one conservative Black Belt Senator put it, "The South must find a way to meet the new day established by these decisions."

In recent years there has been in the South an increasing uneasiness and dissatisfaction among thoughtful whites over the obvious injustices of segregation as practised under the law. Much of this is to be found among people not of the "professional sympathizer" type but among editors, business men and the more enlightened public officials. These decisions have strengthened the hands of such Southerners and have given them a support in doing something they know should be done. Their good intentions now have the support of the highest court in the land.

These decisions have all dealt with the administration of segregation under laws passed by the Southern states. They have served notice on Southern courts and Southern officials that the laws call for "equal though separate" services, and that these must be given. Negroes have found that they can go to court—and that if their money holds out until they reach the Supreme Court they may confidently expect their rights as individual citizens to be protected. Such litigation is expensive to the states and repeated reverses are embarrassing to lower courts and state authorities. This is creating a new sensitiveness on the part of administrators and judges as they deal with segregation.

Most of the segregation laws were passed years ago—though even now someone occasionally thinks of some further application that might be made of the principle of segregation and seeks to have it written into law. Such proposals in the past have met with little or no opposition. In the future we may expect legislative bodies to act with greater restraint.

Thoughtful people in the South fully expect other court cases relating to equal treatment under the segregation laws. That this prospect causes relatively little resentment is an indication that there is in the South greater maturity in dealing with the racial question. Political demagogues are finding it more and more difficult to carry elections with the old-time, sure-fire shibboleth of "Nigger! Nigger! Nigger!"

It is doubtful that legal segregation can ever be made consistent with the spirit and intent of democracy. The best of administration will probably never be able to make segregation acceptable to the minority segregated or to those who understand and care about the real meaning and working of democracy. About this fundamental issue the South does not yet want to think—nor has the Supreme Court as yet had an opportunity to pass on it. When and if that time comes, both the South and the Court will have a chance to deal with the heart of the problem. WILL W. ALEXANDER

About Will Alexander

Many of our readers may not know that Dr. Alexander has personally taken a leading part in the fight for better racial relations in the South. That Dr. Alexander's work might be better known and appreciated The New Republic asked Mark Ethridge, general manager of The Louisville Courier-Journal and chairman of the Fair Employment Practices Committee of the OPM, to write a biographical footnote.—THE EDITORS

Will Alexander is tied by geography, tradition and perhaps even by blood to people who spawned and supported the Ku Klux Klan. Born in that part of Missouri which was guerrilla Southern, he turned naturally to the Far South for his ministerial education and his career. But he followed the pattern only part of the way. After six or seven years as a Methodist preacher, he gave it up, for some reason I don't know, and began to walk a lonely path for a white man.

I never asked him what inspired him to become, as he is today, the voice and the symbol of race justice, but I suspect it was something he heard at Vanderbilt, from Chancellor Kirkland, that disturbed and haunted him and set him out to "hunt the hidden purpose up the winds of justice." Maybe he heard the speech in which the old Chancellor said, "In whatever form slavery may be perpetuated, just so far will it put shackles on the minds of Southern whites. If we treat the Negro unjustly, we shall practise fraud and injustice to each other. We shall necessarily live by the standards of conduct we apply to him. This is the eternal curse of wrong and injustice, a curse that abides on the ruler as well as the slaves. The South will be free only as it grants freedom."

Whether he heard it or not, it is his creed and he has been saying it eloquently since 1919, when he became executive director of the Commission on Interracial Cooperation, with headquarters in Atlanta. Lynchers and officers of the law who permit lynchings haven't been so free in their minds since Dr. Alexander came to work, but neither have those who boast of this "great Christian democracy" and act like Fascist pagans where racial minorities are concerned. Dr. Alexander has disturbed enough other decent white Southerners



so that he no longer walks a lonely way; on the contrary he has become respectable enough to be honored, along with Mr. Justice Black, by the Southern Conference for Human Welfare, with its medal for distinguished service.

Because he had the courage to raise his voice, it's

easier for the rest of us, particularly for those young people all over the South who deify him and call him "Dr. Will." I don't like the nickname because it makes him seem more benign than he is. He is really a Missouri guerrilla putting in nasty licks at injustice.

MARK ETHRIDGE

Two Poems

Poem on Ireland

To Margaret Taaffe

My mother reminds me that my birth line,
Accompanying undersea cables, carries
From London back to a Drogheda origin.
Being born in England, like miscarriages
In tubes and taxis, means nothing, for my home
Is there by the Boyne, where never I
Have bathed with my cousins in summertime,
Rowed in my grandfather's coracle, or ever
Slept with my head on the afternoon arm
Of Mourne. Not, not once have I made
The pilgrimage along the Drogheda Road
Where, crossed with stone, stands the martyrdom
Of James O'Hanlon, who died at the hand
Of the Black with Blood, the Terror Tanned.

From Ireland exiled in the womb, still,
Like the birthmark of the mother's wild
Craving at labor, that stamps the child,
I wore the shape of Ireland on my mind.
I can brush Lake Sligo when I take
The tear from my eye, or when I talk
Hear the foiled tongues of the streams
That cannot convert rocks to their water
Near Mornington. Not mythological dreams
I am haunted by, Ireland as my daughter;
But by the wild obscurity of Leinster, by
The giant shore of the West, greater than heroes:
By the tongue of the Boyne in my ear, and by
My cousin's letters, more than myths or stories.

Having no nearer Hesperides, I create
Ireland my Hesperides near at hand—
No more the sentimental cloud land
Of cuckoos and kisses than national hate
Creates more sea in the Irish Channel. No,
I mean my own Ireland which no latitude
Can categorize and no map show—
Because only I possess the plenitude
Of passion it has—only I know
The lonely inhabitant, whose home is
Imagination. Nothing of Ireland I know,
Except that the point from which grew
My sentimental pearl, is Ireland to you.

Prohibited sentimental pleasure,
Like the sadist I revert to the real.
Here's Europe's sore that will not heal,
Struck by a sword to gain a seizure.

Although people move gayly in the streets,
Daft with drink or mere God's breath—
Cottages rot and men eat roots,
Dogs starve at doors, towns close, and Death—
Death the bookmaker takes most of the proceeds.
Not to be laid, the spectres of Collins,
Swift and Connolly, Mac Swiney Mayor of Cork,
Mourn like statues that sweat and bleed,
Watching Ireland at her usual work:
Weeping among the seed potatoes.

GEORGE BARKER

Address:

To Cherry Blossoms

Dancers over the black, still shuddering boughs,
ask us when winter comes, and we will answer:
now, when the frogs still weep in early chorus;
now. Before us

the birds fly southward, long before their time,
harried by portents—something they saw or heard.
Climates change;
the early friend comes late, and comes a stranger:—

these things, we thought, announced no certain harms.
The owl no more than any bird that sings
alarmed us; and when we saw a star
fall, we thought, others are

there: we are not fools, to fear a comet. —
Oh but there is more, more in this land, on this air:
vomit of dogs,
buzzards blowing, famine, men's blood, fogs,

terror at night; the stranger. We are in dread.
Some of us saw our friends, for little errors,
dead: (we talk to you who must be silent).
This violence—

we do not say it means the end of the world.
But something is meant to us. It may be
a hurled splinter
of shell simply: but the end of something. Call it winter.

Flowers upon the branches, stiff with dew,
expect no fruit, but fall, fall now in showers.
You expected to fall; to drift like snow.

We did not so.

EDWARD WEISMILLER

The America First Party

ISOLATION is becoming a political party in the United States. The trial flights have been made, the sorting-out process has been completed (remember Verne Marshall's brief ascension over Manhattan?) and the movement has now crystallized as to major directions and major personalities. No new isolation leader is likely to arise, no new isolation argument is likely to be discovered. There are few newspapers which have failed to make up their minds, and few congressmen left on the fence. Under these circumstances isolation must ride to power in the next congressional elections or take a permanent back seat. It is preparing for the test. It is a horrid parallel that the chief arguments with which isolation has begun its bid to the electorate are the same booby-traps, baited for a frustrated middle class, which Hitler used in his own successful quest for power.

For a time last winter isolation put its fingertips together, modestly lowered its eyes and talked of keeping out of war for the express purpose of making America a garden of democracy. "We have our own social problems right here," said some of the ripe old Tories in America First who had made careers of damning the New Deal when it had tried to solve these problems. This line has been quietly dropped; official, or nasty, isolation has come down out of the social-service stratosphere and has decided there is nothing wrong with America except the Jews, Hollywood, taxes, debt, spending and other people's propaganda.

It is a bleak sort of miracle that the party which is (insert standard qualifying phrases here) helping Hitler's cause in America, should make use of certain of Hitler's own domestic political appeals. This is much too simple; it is even disgustingly pat. But some of us have long believed that there was an underlying unity in the present convulsive world struggle; and our American isolationists are rubbing our noses in this truth. One looks at the face of isolation and sees that it has become a leering face; its good souls are knitting in the background, but its front fighters are such men as Senator Nye, who is trying to bring about a burning of the films, on the ground that some of the producers are Jews, much as Hitler once burnt the books because some of their authors were Jews. Isolation's organ, Scribner's Commentator, runs articles complaining that American publishers won't print the truth about Jews, and declaring that Bolivia has suffered greatly by admitting Jewish refugees. The America First Committee, in an official statement printed in The New York Daily News (September 6) cites as its critics a former New York magistrate named Goldstein, the Grand Master of B'rith Abraham, Represen-

tative Dickstein, a speaker before the Jewish War Veterans, and one English-born American (thrown in to make it harder) and then "merely" calls upon readers to "look at the names"—the satisfactorily Aryan names—of the members of its own leading committees. The Daily News itself runs an editorial a few days later (September 10) describing it as rather a shame that people should be considered anti-Semites just because they don't want to send an army to Europe "to avenge upon Hitler the wrongs he has inflicted on the Jews." Lindbergh's anti-Semitic tirade followed quickly.

But here's a curious thing: The News's editorial discusses "anti-Semitism and pro-Semitism" as if these were well established twin problems. "Pro-Semitism" happens to be one of Father Coughlin's favorite phrases; he invented it. In fact he has invented much of the current isolationist campaign; the attacks on "Jewish" Hollywood; the demand that Roosevelt be prevented from becoming a dictator; the crafty compiling of Jewish names drawn from the membership lists of pro-democratic organizations. Official isolation in America is taking material which once used to be screamed in the Yorkville streets, and written on the walls of public toilets, and is respectabilizing it, giving it a *Lebensraum* in Congress and in the public prints which it has never had before. It is not that Father Coughlin and General Moseley and their fellow workers have taken over the isolation campaign; actually, something worse has happened; respectable isolationism has borrowed from the Coughlin and the Moseley campaigns; these ground-breakers have served their turn in history's procession, and are now pushed aside while stronger hands take up their tetanus-injectors, their malaria-spreaders and their Little Giant Wonder-Working plague-inducers.

Now then to a middle class which, in this period of materials shortages, high taxes and the draft, is developing a belly-ache of colossal size, isolation comes with its silken sighing against the Jews, its complaints against the money-cost of defeating Hitler (*cf.* America First's advertisement in The New York Times, September 8), and its demand for a "new leadership." It is pointing toward the congressional elections of 1942, and it knows it. Its bellwether, The Daily News, rose from a sitting position this summer, as abruptly as if a pin had been inserted in Reuben Maury, clamoring that the President might conceivably suspend those elections. All attention will now be focused on these elections, while, simultaneously, the campaign to degrade and discredit the last elections will continue. The style of work has been set. It will be a campaign of hot flushes and sullen rages, a campaign in which those

who see history as conspiracy will fill the minds of discontented men with those Coughlin-like political theses which give a complete education, so to speak, in ten minutes to the stupid, the illiterate and the jangled. The miracle which Roosevelt contrived, in joining the political power of the Southern mill-owner and landlord with the political power of the Northern workers, has come up against a disintegrating agent at last. This new addition to the pot tries to break up the working group along lines of racial cleavage and bigotry, to join the sections it retains to the bedeviled middle-class, to extreme Toryism everywhere. It may turn out to be a stronger recipe than the New Deal's.

Isolation is helped in this enterprise by the fact that it knows where it is going, while intervention, as a political movement, does not. The isolationists actually want us to be isolated, while the interventionists have never made up their minds to intervene. Theirs is a "sort of" movement, while the opposition is nickel-plated, hard, tough and quite clear as to objectives. The isolationists are going to fight the interventionists for getting the country into a war into which they have not gotten it. It is an extremely painful consideration to me that "my side," dedicated to the proposition that it is impossible to deal with the dictators, has dealt with them in Madrid and Vichy as cozily as any isolationist might have done. It has maintained relations

with Germany, Italy and Japan, while stoutly declaring it to be impossible to maintain relations with any such countries. It has declared itself the no-appeasement party, and has assiduously appeased every tin-pot dictator who has seemed dishonest enough to make the effort worth while. It has degraded the strongest single interventionist emotion in the country, that concerned with China, by resolutely yielding to China's enemy until further yielding became scandalous. If the isolationists are, for a figure of speech, black, they are not at all being compelled to fight it out against white; they are fighting against a kind of dismal gray.

The issue in the coming campaign ought to be the question of which party is the better able to defend human liberty, but the interventionists have meekly allowed it to deteriorate into the question of which is the better able to defend Omaha. We have not yet earned our spurs, we the party of freedom. One judges by results. We are doing fine things, but we have not stopped Hitler. We did not save Spain. We did not save France. We did not save China. If there be a clue as to our best course for the next year, it lies in these considerations. Let us establish the interventionist case by showing that intervention can destroy Hitler. We cannot hope to fire the imaginations of men by bidding them to admire actions we are afraid to take.

SAMUEL GRAFTON

Before the Cameras Roll

THE WORST THINGS that happen in pictures happen previous to the first day of actual shooting, usually. In many cases they happen before the story is considered and bought. Yet these things are vital in the art of making pictures, and though they may be improved, I know of no happy state where they may be eliminated, just in the nature of things.

In the book of *How to Make a Picture*, item one is, first get an audience. To get and hold a body of followers large enough to support this fabulous expense in production is the prime moving force of the whole industry, however clumsy its lunges and however many times it cuts its own throat out of jealousy and meanness. Audience support is the one reason for the emergence of men with talent and push enough to go against the current (you'd never have heard of them in a closed subsidy); it is responsible for both the best and the worst, and I do not know how many thousands of times someone has said, as I have heard them: I made that one so I could make them give me this one. At the same time it has been a powerful brake on the tendency of all art toward obscure faddism; American writers and directors have had to learn to do it the hard way, and it is the way they have learned to tell stories with a camera and a pair of cutting scissors

which has come to lead the world, to influence the technique of even the best film-making everywhere.

But that is all in the what-I-think-about-the-moon realm of picture-making. The audience is there. It is always there. It is there now in such a steady multiple vigor that anybody with a brass voice and craft enough to promote one or two thousand can make the world's worst picture and get away with it (the world's worst picture either will never be made or is made every second Monday after the first Tuesday). But to understand the relationship between those who pay their money to see, and those who make, buy, sell, distribute and exhibit, you will have to be familiar with the subject or read some of the books in its endless library: this is not the class for beginners, and there is not space here for a subject so wide and intricate. The point is that any understanding of the making of any single picture demands this background of for-whom and to-what-end—as who in civilization would listen to his mouth clapping up and down on the subject of Shakespeare and think himself a critic if he had never so much as heard of the terms Elizabethan, Renaissance, Globe, Holinshed, buskin, blank verse? We must simply remember that when the act of creation involves a thousand people and a million dollars, and wonders of science too deep

to see, there must be some kind of monumental and sometimes monstrous plant set up to manufacture and purvey this entertainment for millions.

The plant is Hollywood as a center with lines running out over the world, and the second chapter in the book is: To make a picture you have to have the backing *and* equipment. Now in most cases, the backing comes from one of the major or minor established companies. Not because it comes more readily, and certainly not because it will give you any scope to work in, but because these companies control the channels of distribution—you want to make a picture but you want it to be seen too, don't you? There is a long history of see-saw and confusion in this struggle for the upper hand as between the man who shows and the man who makes the shows. Great companies have swallowed up minor companies by buying up theatre chains, *i. e.*, the means of their expansion and their competitors' dwindling revenue; great companies have then staggered under the load and gone down. Great chain owners have tried to dominate the companies, bought them or starved them out, and then failed because they had dried up the very thing they were selling at its source. Men like William Fox, not essentially a picture man, have grown to giant size in the field of build-and-buy-and-produce-for-it, and then been chivvied out by the bankers. The bankers have seen those billions lying around and got in to pick them up, only to discover that their brusque pirate's idea of how to run a picture studio left out the ingredient of how pictures could be made. In the long and varied contest, it is always the working producers who win out in the end. Individuals among them are constantly losing their shirts, but those who make pictures and know pictures must have the final say, as a whole. They are the geese who lay those golden eggs; bankers, exhibitors, distributors, operators and the like can lay eggs only in the figurative sense. So helpless are they, one after the other, that you take as accepted such facts as that little Shirley Temple alone saved the far-flung glory of Twentieth Century-Fox; that Deanna Durbin, also alone, kept Universal off the bread line.

The golden egg itself, of course, is the patents racket. So much costly and marvelous equipment is necessary in the processes of building cameras, making sound and color, that it was impossible the original small inventors or owners should not be bought or buried, until some powerful and unscrupulous monopoly like the American Telephone and Telegraph Company controlled or tied up all the patents being used in some important process or other, and naturally will never sell anything outright because the lease is so rich, beyond fable. Or that an outfit like Electrical Research Products Incorporated should not only control patents but own studios and lend money and generally be the people you have to see, always at your cost. There is du Pont too. There is Eastman. Names fill the sky like buzzards.

The best analysis of these financial, and all powerful, ends of the business will probably be Leo Rosten's forthcoming book, though from what very little I know of it, it will not have understanding of the philosophy of showmanship, which has no philosopher. The best book on the movie man as operator is still "Upton Sinclair Presents William Fox"—an amazing book but again deficient in knowledge of movies, their cause and effect. For the strange rank growth of the industry in general through the early days, the book is Terry Ramsaye's "Million and One Nights," if you can read it and remember that Ramsaye is on the whole a journalist whose feet hurt and that he works today as the right hand of the practically unspeakable Martin Quigley. Thousands have fussed and fumed, but I doubt anything else has been written with much pertinence to the forbidding factual mountain of make and sell, buy and beat the drum.

To go back to where we came from, you *can* go to one of the picture-loan promoters and prove to their satisfaction that you have an idea for a picture which will sell, and get financing. In that case you rent a studio and equipment at exorbitant cost, and make the picture, hiring your writers, director, actors and so forth. And then you get into the problem of what a picture is, what it takes.

The picture always starts at the beginning, which is (1) a writer's idea, (2) a successful book or play if you can buy it, (3) in some other studio. The toughest on the writer, and often on the public, is when the idea comes from a producer and is therefore not an idea—such not being his business—but an impulse. Budd Schulberg has written in these very pages how he and Scott Fitzgerald were sent by Walter Wanger to Hanover to cook up a story "around" Dartmouth simply because Walter Wanger went to Dartmouth and hasn't got out from under it yet. You didn't think that was an exception? Or the story I told last time about the producer who had an idea which boiled down to the title "Tomorrow's Generals." Or the big-company executive who says, there's a lot of interest in the Lindbergh kidnaping, and it's safe by now, only it can't be Lindbergh and it can't be a kidnaping. Or the company which says, we are due for an ice-carnival picture, or a Colbert picture, or a non-gangster picture, or something like an Abbot and Costello, or something like what the hell is the name of that musical Fox is cleaning up on, or a period picture—everybody's still hot for the Civil War after "Gone with the Wind."

On the whole it is the writer who takes the big rap. Stuff is shoved at him which should never even be considered for pictures, yet he must make a screenplay out of it because the company has money tied up in it and he is tied up with the company, just for the living. It will be done and will go out under his name, and I think it was Sidney Skolsky who broke the story about two writers coming home from work at Republic, one say-

ing: "You take the credit title on this one; I had to take it last time." Or the writer shapes up a good screenplay and then has one to five expensive names called in to jigger it all out of true. Or he does some good work and everybody says that is really good work, and the picture is never made, and two months later the same everybodies are saying, Yes, I know, but I don't seem to remember the name.

Whatever the actual genesis, the picture has to start with a writer. If he has an idea of his own, fine, he will sell it as an original and maybe clean up by doing what is called the treatment on salary. But most of the time he has no time for ideas of his own. The company wants a Western, a South Sea Islands, a Hedy Lamarr or some damn thing. It's a book or a play or a magazine series the company has on the shelf; it has to be done to write off a book loss that would worry the bankers; and it may have to be stretched to include a big death-bed sequence in the gutter at Tia Juana because Paramount has just finished with a whole Mexican street and square they built, and have it uneasy on their hands; or it may have to have a sea episode, to make use of the white-elephant tank and enormous ship models Korda has on his hands over at General Service.

You have a picture cooking, and you have a producer. You have to have a producer because that is the movies' middleman. He takes care of promoting the money, hiring the sound stages, the director, the actors; figuring costs and time elements, getting the thing cut and sound-tracked, ready and distributed. The producer may work in one of three ways. He may be a free lance, completely free lance, trusting in his own judgment to make a picture in the expectation that it will be good enough to force the big chains to buy and show it. He may be a semi-free-lance, a man who has got his own unit, and his own say in everything (the everything is a pipe dream) on a major lot. He may be just a yes-man to the executive in charge of production—and that is what he usually is. But in the present set-up he is there, taking the responsibility for smash or flop; and the present set-up is not considered all to the good by the men who make pictures, more and more of whom are taking over the producer's job themselves, demanding: Give the movies back to us, the movie makers.

The independent producer is up against long odds. He may move in on, say, RKO. He has his own writers, director. But wait. It is very hard to tell where the equipment you are renting stops: you rent the carpenters, grips, gaffers, camera men, sound men; why aren't you renting the chiefs of these departments? The director-producer either spends valuable days fighting it out with the front office or uses the company men. He may be somebody like Sam Goldwyn, who has a name that will strike anybody to silence, but even after his picture has been made, he has to fight United Artists on the way it is released, delayed and generally hamstrung.

Or he may be a producer who is making a picture for one of the majors, and finds that although he has signed his director and stars, as of now, as of high salaries starting today, he has a rather weird time getting the stages and the general go-ahead from the company anxious to produce his production. What goes? After a while of negotiations he finds out. The producer has his own female lead signed up; the company does not mention her. After a few days of objecting to the story or the Toronto sequence the company calls him up, surprise! With envy and with wonder it says, Why you lucky dog, you, we've got it. Are you lucky? Listen, get this: we just found we haven't a lead spot for May Bonnet, and, get this, you can have her! Jesus what a lucky guy. May Bonnet!

So he guessed it all along. May Bonnet is the cow this company signed a contract of \$60,000 for two pictures and wants to pull out of making the second with, the first was so sad. They were stuck with her and they were doing the hold-up on the producer who wanted to make a picture for them. And the final arrangement, the producer knowing necessity when he saw it, was that he bought the remainder of May Bonnet's contract for \$30,000, tore it up and told her to go back to her telephone and stay there, all alone, and found stages available for his picture with his own lead, and enough red ink to write the three-o into the budget.

But when a picture is started, many departments get to work, outside of the producer with his balances and arrangements, the writer and director dreaming up the story they are to tell (if the director is a fair name and not on the Metro or Warners' payroll—which is to say, lucky). The research department gets the script, and looks up the likeness with wonderful pertinacity and skill. The art department gets the green light and the art director delegates his draftsmen, painters, model builders and curators to work up a rough draft, scene by scene, and then practically the whole picture in drawings, in miniatures, in paintings and models. These men build the thing you see, and change it as the camera requires; but it is always the art director himself who has laid it out, it is his department which has sketched out and painted in the things you see, from beautiful to bum. You have to have an art director, if only because he is the man who sees it in advance and starts the wheels moving for its realization.

Then there is sound, and with sound comes the musical director, who works after the picture has been made. He is a vital man in a picture's effect—at least he is when he is good enough and given any freedom; but like the cutters and special-effects men, he is not at work until after the cameras start rolling. You have to catch him later.

OTIS FERGUSON

This is the fifth of a series of articles under the title, "To the Promissory Land." — THE EDITORS

Washington Notes

Now It's Up to Hitler

IT WAS ANNOUNCED at the White House before the President made his most recent foreign-policy speech that no questions would be left unanswered. Actually, the speech raised a whole new batch of questions. What questions it answered had been left dangling by previous speeches. In these earlier pronouncements the President had talked of defending freedom of the seas, of resisting Axis aggression and of guaranteeing delivery of defense materials to Great Britain. At last he told how this was to be done: by ordering our navy to shoot and shoot first when it sighted Axis raiders in "our defensive waters."

So far so good. But what are our defensive waters? How far are the vessels of our shooting navy going to range? Do our defensive waters extend only to Iceland in the North Atlantic or do they lap the shores of England? Is the Red Sea a part of our defensive waters?

None of these questions was answered and none could be, for obvious reasons. The answers depend upon Adolf Hitler and his navy. For the time being, the United States Navy will concentrate on the sea lane extending from Canada to Iceland. Hitler has the choice of withdrawing his U-boats and surface raiders from this lane or of making what in the end is bound to be a losing fight for its control. The best informed guessers think he will withdraw.

If so, the graveyard of British shipping will continue to be the stretch of water between Iceland and the British Isles. Here his U-boats and long-range bombers, working in coöperation, may become increasingly effective. Should this happen, the President almost certainly will extend the United States navy patrol east of Iceland. Since he regards Britain as a defensive outpost, our defensive waters theoretically reach all the way to the Isles. And since he considers freedom of the seas a defensive doctrine, our defensive waters are, again theoretically, all the waters of the seven seas.

The flexibility of the President's naval policy is limited only by the physical strength of the navy and by prudence in the use of this strength. In addition to clearing the northern route, the navy will immediately institute a convoy service for merchantmen carrying supplies to West African and Red Sea ports. It will not try to match theory with practice by sailing into the Baltic. Merchant ships flying the American flag will continue to keep out of war zones proclaimed by the President under the neutrality law. The strength of the Atlantic patrol will depend in large measure on the outcome of current negotiations for a solution of the Far Eastern problem. If Japan is won away from the Axis, permitting withdrawal of fighting ships from the Pacific to the Atlantic, our defensive waters will quickly pass Iceland on their way east. If not, their eastward flow will be retarded.

But whether the time table is fast or slow, the President has now made unmistakable his determination to win the Battle of the Atlantic for the anti-Axis powers as this nation's minimum contribution to their effort.

The Attorney General's job is not a happy one in the Roosevelt administration. Homer Cummings, the first of them, was harassed by conflict between the anti-trust laws and the practices of the NRA. Moreover, he was suspected of confusing justice with politics on occasion. He left the Cabinet, if not under a cloud, at least in a shadow.

His successor, Robert H. Jackson, let in some sunshine but failed to live up to the high hopes of his friends. Presently he was sent upstairs to the Supreme Court, where his lack of administrative prowess would not hamper him in the exercise of his talents as a lawyer.

Now comes Francis Biddle, a man who seems to combine Jackson's unquestionable liberalism and integrity with an aptitude for administrative detail. And already he is beset with troubles. In the few weeks that he has headed the Justice Department, first as Acting Attorney General and finally as a full-fledged Cabinet officer, he has got off to an inauspicious start.

First he passed up a chance to clamp down on a government renting scandal involving Senator Millard Tydings of Maryland and Tydings' father-in-law, Joseph E. Davies. A House investigating committee, after preliminary hearings, asked whether the government should go through with a questionable deal by which it had rented office space in a Washington apartment building. In its answer, the Justice Department ducked the evidence of political chicanery.

Next came an anti-trust action against the Sterling Products group and the I. G. Farben interests. This one was settled by levying nominal fines against the violators and accepting consent decrees partially severing connections between the American medicine men and their German associates. Here Biddle intervened with a quibbling statement upholding the Americanism of the Sterling companies, including the makers of Bayer's aspirin. Biddle's old friend and associate, Thomas Corcoran, represented the Sterling group in the negotiations. Subordinates of Thurman Arnold, chief of the Anti-Trust Division, raised their eyebrows over this one.

Then J. Edgar Hoover's FBI was caught red-handed tapping the telephone wires of Harry Bridges in apparent violation of federal law. Biddle promised a congressional committee that he would speak to Hoover about it. But if he spoke to Hoover about it, Hoover got the last word. Because Biddle said nothing publicly about the outcome of the interview and Hoover, through his usual journalistic pipe lines, charged that the Reds were after him again.

Biddle begins to look like another victim of his fears, his friends and the FBI.

A. D. Lewis, brother of John L., predicted the defeat of James Carey as president of the Electrical Workers the day before the event, indicating that the Lewises helped the Communists put it over. Since then, negotiations for continued collaboration between the Lewis isolationists and the all-out Communists have been instituted. . . . Differences between the State and Justice Departments over immigration policy were threshed out at a recent White House conference. The result was an agreement to facilitate issuance of visas to refugees. . . . Harry Hopkins' visit to Moscow was all business. J. Stalin didn't invite him to break bread or even have a drink.

Washington

T. R. B.

Village Green and Town Red

Village Green, by Carl Allensworth. Henry Miller's Theatre, September 3, 1941.

THE NEW PLAY at Henry Miller's that opens the season concerns a lovable judge, THE lovable judge, it must be said, an American male with, it must be admitted, a wise American wife, one of those standard feminine items of ours who knows what's funny and is willing to indulge all God's men chilluns' having wings. There is a son who paints a municipal mural and is invited finally, as a dénouement for the play, to have an exhibition in New York. That is because he is in love with the judge's daughter and because his putting her face inadvertently on a nude female figure has got the town agog, naturally, as purity goes, and naturally, too, because of the fact that small townsmen, unaccustomed to art movements, are apt to check what they see in a painting with what they have caught sight of in nature, which is to say, "Yes, but a woman must have—etc." In the end the judge, after a permanent failure hitherto, is elected to the legislature, and his daughter and the young artist will be married after all—why not?

Anybody surprised by this plot would probably, as Mr. John Anderson says in his review for The New York Journal-American, chase a mechanical rabbit. Now that I have got in with Mr. Anderson, I suppose I might go on and quote his remarking the salvation that Mr. Craven's performance brings to the play, and the fact that the others in the company are generally good at the routine assignments of small-town comedy, the timid husband, the prude, the bigot, the bully, the sot and so on; proving, the sum of it all, that, as Mr. Anderson says, though everything is easily expected, it is unexpectedly entertaining, and that when it comes to durability, New England granite is no better than Broadway hokum, which is eternal.

Which is all very true. Like everything else in a free-for-all civilization, how true! Mr. Anderson and I, and divers other critics, have as much right to our opinion as the ushers have, the standees drifting in, the dinner parties, undergraduates, manicurists and prophets from Washington.

But there is one thing about this occasion of "Village Green" that is practically impossible to express and yet may be implied all along in what has been said, and that is that whole sections of every art are impossible to express in another—that in the theatre, for example, much of the best portion of an occasion may defy conveyance in words. There is little in the theatre generally that we have not seen before, one way or another; but in every performance there is the possibility of living things that appear and cannot be relayed in words; there are lively or tender, shining or impromptu or inspired elements and shadings that make all the difference. Many reviewers are unable to see what really is happening on the stage before them; but even those who do see what is there are not always able to convey in the medium of words what was essentially alive, intact and projected in terms of another medium, that of the theatre. The best of "Village Green" consists in immediacies and stage realities and studied renderings that live for the audience but that the critic cannot, even if he discerns them, convey in words.

The directing that Mr. Felix Jacoves has given "Village

Green" has many skillful turns and contrivances, and is always in a kind of contagious good taste. Mr. Craven's performance is beautifully sure and even; that of the young John Craven is all right, Mr. John Ravold's weak-husband-business-shy-man is excellent, and nobody in the company is insufferable. The whole event, then, would be vastly improved by certain not too difficult considerations. For example, let the motif of the young painter come in earlier, since so much of the plot turns on it. Let the characters be somewhat more detailed as to their speech and appearance—I don't mean Broadway Down East—and more varied in timing their speeches and in their entrances and exits. Mr. Craven's fine performance could be faster here, slower there, and now blacker, now hotter, keeping the character's lovable right mildness but shooting the mood of it into a more varied impact. With such modest improvements, the production of "Village Green," it seems to me, might well enjoy a town run and then take to the road with a long, fat promise.

STARK YOUNG

The Bandwagon

The boys will come home from the bloody battlefields [of Europe] armless, legless, eyeless and disillusioned.—*From a speech by Senator Wheeler broadcast over the Mutual network, September 1.*

New Type Girls Panty Dedicated to U. S. Army.—Announcing that the garment was formally dedicated to the United States Army, Lawrence Boles Hicks, advertising manager of Blue Swan Mills, Sayre, Pennsylvania, and Empire State Building, New York City, revealed today that his firm had created a new type of woman's panty, appropriately named Yoo-Hooikins.

The garment, Mr. Hicks explained, is being made of olive-drab material, 60-percent cotton, 40-percent rayon, and will have the word "Yoo-Hoo" lettered across the left thigh.

Yoo-Hooikins will be the Panty-of-the-Month for December, subscribers to the Blue Swan Mills Panty-of-the-Month merchandising program were informed. Yoo-Hooikins takes its place among other creations of Mr. Hicks in the Undikins family, consisting of Minikins, Frillikins, Sissikins, Moldikins, Flarikins, Smoothikins and Slendikins.

Mr. Hicks was careful to explain that the stimulus for the creation of Yoo-Hooikins did not arise from the remarks made by any United States Army general. Any event which occurred recently, and which might be construed as the motivation for this undergarment creation, is purely coincidental, he added.—*A release from the Blue Swan Mills printed in Advertising Age.*

Hurray for Our Side

Studying the activity preferences of drinkers and non-drinkers, he found that imbibers like poker, dramatics, boxing matches, quail shooting and attending murder trials. Non-drinkers like to attend graduations, use a typewriter, peer through telescopes and hunt wild flowers.—*From a report to the American Psychological Association by Dr. Theodore F. Lentz, printed in The New York Herald Tribune.*

Hollywood Holds the Bag

The hero's sleeping bag, which has been the subject of much speculation since the story was purchased by Paramount, will be seen in the picture but will remain unoccupied, Bromfield ex-

plained. — *Louis Bromfield, author of the movie script "For Whom the Bell Tolls," quoted in the Sunday Drama Section of The New York Times.*

Brave New World

British Labor Unions Make Big Sacrifices for War.

Dorothy Thompson Points Out That Workers in England Are Far Ahead of Those in U. S. in Matter of Responsibility and Are Even Given Voice in Determining Some National Policies. — *Head and sub-head in The Kansas City Star.*

But Does Hitler Know It?

Under all ideologies, there seems to be a vital principle that determines what people shall occupy what parts of the earth.

This principle seems to have determined that the Russians shall occupy Russia. — *From an editorial in The Washington Times-Herald.*

Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; \$1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping. — THE EDITORS

Correspondence

On Declaring War

SIR: Does everyone know this war to be our war? The acceptance of this idea would hasten participation. Could we but realize and act from the basis that we are not a "chosen people," but an element in a greater whole of which race, creed, color, sex or kingdom should make no difference in time of peace or in time of war! To those in need mutual help and consideration are due. "Inaction in a deed of mercy is action in a deadly sin."

We should be in the war wholeheartedly, sharing the sacrifices, griefs and suffering as part of our burden. We will have to accept this responsibility some time in a universe of exact retribution. Why not now—effectively?

Los Angeles, Calif.

MARION MOCINE

SIR: Please accept my utter disagreement with your August 25 editorial "For a Declaration of War." It is surprising and distressing to find so important a liberal organ as The New Republic calling for war. It is surprising, too, to see on what strange grounds you base your reasoning.

If the President should accede to your request and ask Congress to declare war, Congress would almost surely refuse. You would then have a situation of unbounded comfort to the Axis.

But beyond the (to me) obvious naïveté of that specific part of your reasoning, your general philosophy seems to have gone strangely askew. You say we "have not wished to begin shooting until it was proved absolutely necessary," and you call this a "praiseworthy desire." That is a contemptuous adjective. Is it not really a civilized desire? You urge the United States to go to war, coldly, casually, without waiting for "the hot flash of rage." Can this be The New Republic which would launch us into murder and starvation with calm, deliberate, unemotional purpose?

And what are your avowed purposes? As you name them, they are.

1. To stop Japan. This is economic. You want the tin and rubber which Japan also wants. It is no worse to covet empire than to hold it.

2. To avoid in the future "crushing taxes, economic life sacrificed to defense, millions of young men kept under arms." Are you sure, sir, that these economic motives are worth wholesale slaughter?

3. To create "a world in which war would be unnecessary." Do you seriously hope to accomplish that by stating now that war is a necessity and by extending the present war to the whole world? Do you believe war prepares peoples for idealistic settlements? Do you remember another "war to end war"?

4. To assure our high aims being incorporated in the peace. Is it wholly sensible to go to war in order to be a party to the

peace? Do I have to come down to your office and beat you with a club in order to be peaceful with you?

5. To lift the morale of the army. What an age! The New Republic saying in so many words, "We now have an army, we have to find a war to keep it happy!"

6. To escape the contention that this is not our war and to lift the odium of permitting others to fight for us.

This is *not* our war! Which part of it do you claim—or do you claim all of it? The part between Germany and Britain? Between Germany and Russia? Between Finland and Russia? Between Britain and France, as in Syria? Between Japan and China? Did you feel the same about the war between Germany and Russia in Spain, or between Italy and Ethiopia? Is every war ours, or is it just this war? Or—and this you may not dodge—is it just the British-German sector of this war?

There is in your editorial no faintest reference to history. Yet for thousands upon thousands of years, wars have raged in Europe, and nations and alliances have set out to stop Alexander, to stop Caesar, to stop the Holy Roman Empire, to stop Napoleon, to stop Bismarck, to stop the Kaiser, to stop Hitler—and to get or hold raw materials and markets. European history is an unbroken chain of bickering, attack, broken treaty, bloodshed.

But we here have something new for the world—the first nation deliberately founded to give the average man a decent chance. We represent a determined dream, a dream of civilization and freedom and progress. We shall desperately betray, not Europe, not our own people, but the human race, if we do not keep half the world at peace and meanwhile strive to make here a demonstration of how man *can* govern and guide himself.

And The New Republic urges upon this land of the future the social attitudes, the international instruments, of yesterday! Where is your historical perspective, where is your awareness of what the United States means?

If we enter the war now, how will you feel twenty years hence about your belligerency of today? How will you feel about the dead, the cripples, the "crushing taxes," and above all, how will you feel about World War III, which will then be due on the wreckage of the peace of World War II?

New York City

R. W. RIIIS

SIR: I am in favor of a war declaration now. It will solve the problem of the morale of our boys in the camps by giving them an objective instead of playing at soldiering; it will have the effect of peeling off the bitter rind of cynicism thereby giving the idealism and enthusiasm of youth a chance to flourish.

It will help civilian morale by substituting action for indecision and apathy; it will replace "safety first" with self-respect.

It will stop the creeping paralysis which threatens to overtake us as it did the French, and thereby save our national soul.

Los Angeles, Calif.

MAURICE SAETA

SIR: I wish to endorse fully your leading article in the August 25 issue calling for a declaration of war on the Axis powers by the United States. I believe such a declaration should be made at once. It is long overdue. As you said, and as Winston Churchill stated, the Axis strategy is very simple: one by one. Take the nations one by one and finish them off, make a base of them, and use them to attack another country.

Your analysis of the effect on Japan of an American declaration of war is good. Japan is afraid of the United States' entering the war; her entire efforts, diplomatically, have been used to hold America off. Therefore, America should not be held off, but should declare war. Japan took on China and we sat and watched, feeding Japan's war machine, feeding oratory to China. If cause for war was ever forthcoming, it was forthcoming in China, where Japan not only sunk the Panay and then hunted for its survivors to wipe them out; but where it destroyed American hospitals, schools, cut off American trade and started anti-American movements. I have seen American mission hospitals that had spread out huge American flags on their grounds, flags that could be seen from thousands of feet in the air. Those flags were used as targets by Japanese bombers. In Kioshan, (Chosan), on the Peiping-Hankow Railway, is a Lutheran Mission hospital headed by Dr. Skinsness, aided by three American women nurses and Dr. Skinsness' wife. Dr. Skinsness has stuck to his job, within a few minutes' air-raid warning of Japanese planes. He had thirteen different American flags flying from his buildings, spread out on the ground, and painted on the roofs. His hospital stands on a hill, isolated from the town, and you can see it with the naked eye from a great distance across the plains. The thirteen American flags were marvelous targets for the Japanese. The hospital has been deliberately bombed three times and some of its main buildings struck.

At Hsiangyang, a city on the upper Han River in Hupeh Province, is the American Swedish Covenant Hospital, filled with civilian air-raid victims and with sick or wounded soldiers. Two American doctors, one of them a woman, are in charge, aided by other American missionaries and by many Chinese. That hospital also stands free from the city, in a big compound. It has been bombed twice. Each time American flags could be seen from great distances. American flags, as big as one of the buildings, were spread out on the ground. The main building was hit and one whole wing destroyed.

In Ichang, one the Yangtze, is a very big American Episcopal mission, standing high on the hill on the outskirts of the town. The grounds stretch over a large region, the buildings are painted white. There are schools and living quarters in the compound. The hospital is in the city. During Japanese raids, American flags flew from the buildings, the roofs had American flags painted on them, and a huge American flag was spread out on the ground. Japanese planes made a short detour to fly over this mission. They put an enormous bomb crater in the huge flag lying on the ground. The hospital in the city was destroyed.

These incidents have been duplicated throughout China. Last week a short report stated that the Baptist Mission Hospital in Kweilin, Kwangsi Province, had been hit. That hospital also stands on the outskirts of the town and was clearly marked with flags. When I was in that town this past autumn, some of the buildings of that hospital were nothing but a huge pile of ruins.

We are told that we are waiting for a flagrant incident to justify declaration of war. What more do we want? I often think that our industrialists are waiting until they have furnished Japan with enough war material to last for a couple of years.

If we declared war on the Axis, Japan would be sewed up. If the Sasebo Naval Base is bombed, if Japan's industrial bases, such as Osaka, are bombed, if Tokyo is bombed, Japan's precarious economy will soon crumble.

Hollywood, Calif.

AGNES SMEDLEY

SIR: Congratulations on the cogency, the long-range vision and the courage of your editorial urging an immediate declaration of war against the Axis.

University of Michigan, Ann Arbor, Mich. CARLTON F. WELLS

The Art of Translation

SIR: Mr. Nabokov's August 4 essay, "The Art of Translation," contains a beautiful example of the Art of Misquotation.

He refers to a line from "L'Invitation au Voyage" as "*Mon amie, ma soeur, connais-tu la douceur. . .*" Poor Baudelaire! The Russian translator didn't do so badly.

Baudelaire wrote:

*"Mon enfant, ma soeur,
Songe à la douceur. . ."*

New York City

E. W. NASH

SIR: I am sorry that a poor memory led me to make a "friend" of that child; but Mr. Nash is quite wrong in assuming that by correcting my quotation he has baudelaireized the Russian version: that little joy-ride goes on undisturbed.

Palo Alto, Calif.

VLADIMIR NABOKOV

Writers and Religion

SIR: As I read Edwin Muir's "The Status of the Novel" in your August 11 issue, I could not help thinking that the two novelists whom I particularly respect as novelists and whom novel readers as a whole completely ignore, namely, Franz Kafka and Graham Greene, could be cited to illustrate the effect of the loss of religion in our times on the art of novel writing. Kafka's work winds up as inconclusively as the work of Virginia Woolf, whom Mr. Muir mentions. Greene's work, however, is complete and conclusive precisely because of his never losing sight of the place of man in eternity, for Greene has a deep religiousness. One seeking a modern novel with classic significance and finish would find it in "Brighton Rock" or "The Labyrinthine Ways." Perhaps the modern rejection of religion as a way of life has forced Graham Greene into altogether undeserved obscurity.

Bethel, Vt.

DORIS BENARDETE

SIR: The reader of "The Status of the Novel" by Edwin Muir in your issue of August 11 had a right to expect a good bit more than he got. The remarks about the inconclusiveness of modern novels call attention to something that had been obvious enough; the long sermon on the necessity of a tie-up between "the religious sense" and imaginative art would have been less offensive to subscribers to The Churchman.

Any student of literature knows that inconclusive ends are nothing new. "Tristram Shandy," a product of the era in which Mr. Muir states "everybody possessed . . . the feeling for a permanence above earthly permanence" (an amazing description of the eighteenth century!), is more inconclusive than any of the modern examples given. We are informed that "a story with a false or inconclusive end is bad art." I must protest this dogmatic dismissal of a great deal of fine work. The plain truth is that the conclusion of a story matters very little if enough enlightenment occurs by the way. "The Magic Mountain," which would be bad art by Mr. Muir's definition, is a case in point.

Fielding, Austen and Brontë were able to round their work out nicely because of the simplicity of the problems which confronted their characters. Today's novelists do not find their complex problems solved by a physically or economically advantageous marriage, nor do they desire to escape them by death, though there could be nothing esthetically wrong with that.

If we must go outside the realm of literary criticism to examine this inconclusiveness in modern life and art, there are two courses open to us. We can say that man is getting away from

"God or Eternity or the Absolute," which sounds like President Hutchins or Mortimer Adler but gets us nowhere. Or we can seek in the light of economic and social pathology for the solutions that the novelists have not found; and then we may be in a position to do a little about man's "irremediable imperfection." *Atlanta, Ga.*

CHARLES W. M. JOHNSON

The Tax Bills

SIR: The New Republic chooses some strange bedfellows when it comes to the question of taxation. A few weeks back it found itself with Bishop Manning in opposing the joint-return income-tax measure as a dangerous threat to our family life and to the rights of the individual. This week's issue finds The New Republic gamboling with the financial editors of The New York Times, who have been braying now for many months that the income-tax exemption must be lowered.

Why must the income-tax exemption for the \$2,000-and-under class be lowered? Certainly not from any reason of equity, since the low—and by low I mean all those families under \$2,000—income groups already pay an extremely large proportion of their income for taxes. Certainly not to remove this group from purchasing and bidding up the prices of scarce consumer goods, since less than 10 percent of their income is spent for durable goods (excluding housing). Even if this were the reason, it would be far more logical to prevent the purchase of durable goods by specific excise taxes.

This country has refused to awaken from the slumber that has dwarfed our production efforts for many years now. There is absolutely no necessity to capture the additional income of the low-income groups generated by the defense expenditures: it can be used in a hundred ways which will increase the well-being of the people without interfering with our defense effort. Let the low-income groups buy more food, let them have flowers, let them go to more movies and amusement parks.

Arlington, Va.

GEORGE SHASKAN JR.

[The New Republic has always favored taxation based on ability to pay. It has always opposed indirect taxation, such as sales taxes, which bears more heavily on the poor than on anyone else, because the poor spend such a large proportion of their incomes on consumption goods. When we recommended lowering the exemptions we also recommended lightening the burden from excise and sales taxes. Mr. Shaskan overlooks completely the important factor that lowering the exemptions will increase the taxes of people with larger incomes, and since the additional income will be taxed at the highest applicable rate, the larger the income the heavier the burden of taxation—which is as it should be.]

What the country needs most just now is a real excess-profits tax. The war profiteers are back again, and it is disgraceful that they should be allowed to keep such a large proportion of what they are making out of the national necessity. — THE EDITORS]

American Morale

SIR: What is wrong with our morale? In the first place, there is the feeling that our foreign policy is linked to Britain's not because they happen to coincide, but because it has always been our job to get Britain out of trouble. Even people who realize that Britain is, in a sense, fighting for us, are so dead set against England emotionally that they are suspicious of anything we may do to aid her. If ever there was a period in history in which Britain did her damndest to deserve the title of "Perfidious Albion" it was the last quarter-century. From the secret treaties all the way to Munich we watched British statesmanship at work. It was no edifying spectacle. It almost appears to me that they were out to give us, their dumb cousins, an object lesson in

duplicity. It took years before it sank in, but we learned, finally. We can't get too excited about such allies. Many people—I am among them—are pro-British because they hate the Hitlerized Germans. It is better for morale to have respect for your friends.

Second, we have had, and still have, our own appeasement policy. Of course it is linked to Britain's. But it is very difficult for people to respond to the cry of "resistance to aggression" after all our dickerings with Weygand, Franco, Pétain and the Japanese fascists. We have no clear-cut plan of action.

Third, there is the economic situation plus the moral collapse. It is true that we have a sort of Machiavellian morality, although it seems to be directed toward money rather than power. We may criticize the Stalinists and the Nazis as much as we like; our ethics, if less ruthless, are not much different from theirs. The ends justify any means. Get away with as much as you can. The monopolists have the influence, and they use it. Before the depression the rest of us emulated them when we could. Now we have turned cynical. Why should we let them fool us again? The war is their gravy. It is much easier to do business with Congress than with Hitler. Witness what's happening to the excess-profits tax.

And we must not ignore the national, racial and religious groups within the United States. The melting pot hasn't been the success it should have been. The German is proud of his Germany, the Italian and his descendants are pro-Axis, and the sons of Erin hate Britain. America's interests don't seem to matter. The Catholic hierarchy has not distinguished itself for its devotion to democracy, and its influence is felt in the State Department.

The Negroes stand aside. Some of them have admitted that if the white race destroyed itself, it wouldn't matter much to them. They know no difference between the German *Herrenvolk* and the Anglo-Saxon variety.

It just happens that at this moment in history we've got to have real democracy, or forget about it. Make democracy mean something and morale goes up. Let it continue the farce it has been, and our morale will grow even worse.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

ABRAHAM MORGENSTERN

From The New Republic Mail Bag

Corwin Willson of Flint, Michigan, says in comment on Talbot Hamlin's August 4 article on "Architecture in America Today," that "it is not money that makes beautiful buildings, but creative minds." Mr. Willson believes modern architecture is still a "garment of uncreativity leaning increasingly on government subsidies, mortgage guarantees or moratoriums and juggled book-keeping to hide its social cost."

The Indiana State Industrial Union Council (CIO) asks us to point out that an important test of labor rights is under way in Richmond, Indiana, where sixty-five men are to stand trial as a result of the International Harvester Company strike last winter. The union charges that county and city officials aided company police to defeat the strike. They say that strikers and their families were beaten, the picket line smashed and temporary union headquarters destroyed.

Miss Grace E. Robinson of Takoma Park, Maryland, encloses a letter from a schoolmaster in charge of an evacuation area in Great Britain. The great concern in a position such as his, this man writes, is to see that the children get clothing to replace that lost in bombed homes, and he notes that many of the garments bear the label: "Gift of the American Red Cross."

Paul H. Becker of Charleston, West Virginia, tells us that the delay in the appearance of the WPA's Writers' Project book, "West Virginia: A Guide to the Mountain State," was due to former Governor Homer A. Holt's attempt at censorship. Publication was delayed until M. M. Neely became Governor.

Not All Our Poetry

LAST MAY, "The Viking Book of Poetry of the English-Speaking World" was almost ready to be printed. Before sending it to the press, the publishers submitted the introduction and the table of contents to what they describe as "a small group of poets, teachers, critics and librarians," inviting them to offer suggestions and comments. Some of the suggestions they made—though I should judge not many—were followed by Richard Aldington in making his final revisions. Some of their comments are printed on the jacket of the completed book, which will appear on September 22. Said Mark Van Doren, "The best comprehensive anthology of British and American poets yet made." Said Leonard Bacon, "What he puts into it is miraculous." Said Malcolm Cowley, "I like the general plan, the general emphasis. . . . A fine job." These last are my actual words, but they by no means suggest the two principal points I made in two long letters.

My first point was that Mr. Aldington's project was, for our time, new and exciting. It has been forty years or more since anthologists have seriously tried to present the poetry of the English-speaking world. Since then, two separate tendencies have limited the scope of their activities. English and American poetry were growing farther apart, so that they could no longer be judged by the same standards; critics preferred to treat them in separate volumes. And meanwhile poetry as a whole was being confined to a narrower province; people kept saying that anecdotes weren't poetry, that sentiment wasn't poetry, that humor wasn't poetry, that moral instruction wasn't poetry, that nothing in fact was poetry except complicated word patterns and brilliant figures of speech expressing practically nothing. This second tendency led to an impoverishment of critical judgment as compared with that of the past. Although the nineteenth-century anthologies—for example, C. A. Dana's "Household Book of Poetry" and H. T. Coates's " Fireside Encyclopedia of Poetry"—belong to the period of whatnots and antimacassars; although they omit everything that is even faintly shocking and include much that is ineffably tiresome, still they are in many ways superior to more recent collections. They make poetry seem at once more universal and more homely.

Today there is no reason why the project carried out by Dana and Coates should not be revived for our own age, with a broader perception of values and no fear of alarming the gentlewoman. The tendencies in criticism are changing. The poets themselves are dealing with other subjects than love and death, nature and art; they write about politics (though not effectively), they discuss general ideas and they even advocate moral principles. English and American poetry have shown a new vitality; they have also been drawing closer together, partly through the influence of Eliot in England, of Auden and Barker in this country. Great poets have appeared in Ireland and lesser poets in the four dominions. Thus, in compiling his anthology "of the English-speaking world," Mr. Aldington had a double opportunity: not only to present samples of this recent work but also to demonstrate once more the richness of our inheritance.

And my second point was that he has taken advantage of his opportunity only in part, and timidly. He has of course

edited what by conventional standards is an excellent anthology. It is more comprehensive and more in the taste of our time than "The Oxford Book of English Verse," which has lately been revised without being greatly improved. It covers a broader field in space and time and pays more attention to minor poets than does "An Oxford Anthology of English Poetry," although it is less complete and judicious in its treatment of the major figures. It is clearly superior to the other recent anthologies that are now on my shelves. Mr. Aldington is brilliant in his selections from the lighter verse of the seventeenth century, which is his own period. He is more than just to Skelton, Smart, Beddoes and many other poets who are usually neglected. I was surprised to find that he gives Browning more space than anyone else—thirty-three pages, as against thirty for Shakespeare and twenty-nine each for Burns and Milton—but I doubt that this represents a judgment of relative merit. In dealing with the American classics, he overestimates Whitman, who wrote programs for poetry rather than poems; but he makes the right selections from Poe, he demonstrates that Emerson is the most neglected of our great poets and he almost restores our admiration for Longfellow. Besides all this, he contributes a lively introduction (using two pages of it to answer my objections), as well as a bibliography and indexes of poets, poems and first lines.

His publishers, the Viking Press, have also done their part. The book they have finally produced is well printed and handsomely bound and very reasonably priced at \$3.50; everyone interested in poetry will want to own a copy. But I feel even more strongly on reading it what I first said after examining the table of contents: that Mr. Aldington has presented the poetry of the English-speaking world as something poorer and more remote than it is in reality.

Perhaps what is largely at fault is his quite un-English liking for clarity, logic and *le bon sens*. This ought to be a wise prejudice for anthologists, and yet it leads him to neglect some of the more fruitful tendencies in English poetry: for example almost all the writing that is based on dreams or has the compulsive quality of dreams. "Kubla Khan" and "La Belle Dame sans Merci" are the two best known examples, and Mr. Aldington includes both of them; but this, one feels, is out of deference to other critics. Certainly he omits Blake's "The Crystal Cabinet" and Browning's "Childe Roland" and all the earlier and better work of the two Rossettis and William Morris. Though he knows exactly what to select from the Restoration wits, he has little patience with the supernatural or the Surrealist.

He also has no liking for nonsense verse. This is another ancient tradition of English poetry; it begins with the counting rhymes that have come down from the remote past (*ibbety, bibbety, sibbety, sab*) and it shows no sign of ending with Gertrude Stein or the Hut-Sut Song. Something in the special genius of the language—we must remember that nonsense verse is almost unknown in Germany and France—seems to demand a temporary escape from meaning. The results of this impulse can be found in "Mother Goose," "Alice in Wonderland" and "The Nonsense Book," all of which contain poems that belong in any comprehensive anthology. Mr. Aldington includes none of them, and nothing that resembles them.

He devotes little space to historical or heroic poetry or indeed to any poems of action; I suppose that he is still

laboring under the post-Victorian fear of "the anecdote." He includes hardly any poems of childhood, these being "sentimental." He gives a very incomplete selection from the old ballads, omitting "Edward, Edward," which is the best of all; and he can find no space for the English, Irish, American or Australian folk poetry of later times. Apparently he believes, as most anthologists do, that poems are to be found only in published books of poetry and never in the songs of a people. Had he looked or listened outside his chosen field, he might have found that many of Stephen Foster's lyrics are poetry (including "Uncle Ned" and "My Old Kentucky Home"), that some of the cowboy songs and sea chanteys in Sandburg's "American Songbag" are poetry, that "Frankie and Johnny" and "Waltzing Matilda" are poetry—that indeed the poetry of the English-

speaking world is richer, more varied and closer to what most of us feel and sing than anyone would suspect from reading his collection.

There may have been times when omissions like these—each representing a whole class of poems that he disregards—would have been of little importance. But today, when we feel that the English-speaking culture is directly threatened; when we are forced to admit that the language we speak may cease to be a means of international communication and may even, in a few generations, be as dead as Latin—today we survey our cultural along with our physical wealth and hope to see as much of it as possible preserved in every book we read. There is part of it in "The Viking Book of Poetry," but far less than there might have been.

MALCOLM COWLEY

Books in Review

Awake, America!

UNDER THE PEN NAME OF THOMAS REVEILLE, whose competence and integrity are vouched for by Raymond Gram Swing, the author has done a comprehensive study¹ of the political and economic procedures which have made the Nazis supreme in Germany, have given Germany control of Europe, and if not checked will make Nazified Europe supreme in a world which will bow to the will and word of Adolf Hitler. This result is envisaged in three stages: first, the organization of the Nazi party, and its penetration into every field of German life; second, the subjection of every country between the Vistula and the English Channel to the political and economic system prescribed by the conqueror; third, the looked-for acceptance of this new order by a defeated Soviet Union, a war-weary Britain and her empire, and an acquiescent Western Hemisphere shot through with Nazi propaganda.

It is the author's detailed description of the workings of the second phase, the Nazi exploitation of Europe, the so-called new order, that gives his book its title and its significance for his American audience. The military is only a part of Germany's war machine; the economic arm is equally remarkable for power and ruthlessness. Under the Versailles Treaty, Germany suffered from the exactions of her creditors. Under the Nazis she dominates Europe by virtue of her position as a debtor who does not mean to pay. She had grasped the principle of the difference between private and public debt. The state is "a perpetual and immortal entity," and may ignore the aggregate of its debt, considering only the burden of interest upon the national income.

Even before the war the German government, by buying in bulk from various countries on credit, forced them to continue to do business at a loss rather than forfeit the original claim. With successive conquests the devices of making each country pay for its "protection" have become marvelously ingenious. The Reichsmark has replaced gold

as the standard, and the exchange of local currencies is fixed to the advantage of Germany. Moreover, each country pays for its occupation a sum equal to its previous budget for military purposes. This in the case of France makes the tribute four times the actual cost. Altogether Germany will in one year recover 80 percent of what she paid in reparations during seven years. The soldiers of occupation are paid in notes to be cashed in local currency by central banks, which may turn them in for redemption after the war if Germany wins. The gold reserves of central banks have been confiscated, as well as privately owned gold, valuables and foreign securities, to be settled for after the war. In acquiring privately owned goods from subjugated countries the Reich pays by orders on the central bank of the country, crediting it in blocked Reichsmarks, thus avoiding the necessity of sending exports in exchange.

Germany is also acquiring control of all important industrial enterprises in these countries, paying through their central banks which receive credit in Berlin. After four months' occupation of Denmark, Germany owed that country \$154,000,000. The accumulation of credits in Berlin has two results. It invites the interest of Europe in a German victory as a fundamental condition of making such credit good, and it gives to Berlin a commanding position in financial transactions. The conclusion of the present study is the same as that of Mr. Douglas Miller's "You Can't Do Business with Hitler," for which the Führer's declaration of February 24, 1941, might serve as a text: "We are going to do business solely on the basis of German advantage . . . and no American or British interests are going to put a stop to our way of doing business."

A concrete example of the Nazi policy of making the war pay for itself is the conversion of prisoners into forced labor. With 2,000,000 men captured in France, 300,000 in Belgium and 500,000 in the Balkans, the total of prisoners is nearly 3,000,000. These men are rented out to employers in Germany who pay two and one-half marks a day plus one mark for board and lodging. This is about one-half the current pay of the German worker who is released for cannon fodder.

¹ The Spoil of Europe, by Thomas Reveille. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. 344 pages. \$2.75.

The third stage in the process of world domination is still in the realm of speculation, but the author's propositions are interesting and plausible, and deserve attention by reason of his already demonstrated competence. He maintains that Hitler's plan calls for coöperation with England, not conquest. In "Mein Kampf" Hitler recognizes the English as next to the Germans in the hierarchy of race. He knows that the invasion of England, if successful, would leave the Empire free to rally about Canada under the protection of the United States, and involve a complex of world problems with which he is not ready to deal in view of his lack of sea power. He believed that Munich had set the pattern of English foreign policy. He was astonished that it was not followed in the case of Poland, astonished again that England did not yield when France fell, astonished finally that his chastisement of the recalcitrant nation failed to bring repentance. The speeches of President Roosevelt convinced him of the imminence of the danger from the United States, and he sent Rudolph Hess to bring the English to their senses and "prevent the consummation of events which were leading to the inevitable end of his Führer." In a choice between two desperate gambles, the invasion of England and that of Russia, he chose the latter and thus averted "an immediate and open declaration of war by the United States." This is, of course, an exaggeration, but it is probable that the United States is at the moment farther from entering the war, partly because of the prejudice against communism, partly because of the comfortable doctrine, "let George do it." In the end, however, the author is convinced that Britain will win by virtue of the command of material resources, and her moral strength.

This outline of "The Spoil of Europe," with a few citations will give a measure of the importance of the book. It is the result of careful research in original sources, most of them German. It is an arsenal of facts indispensable to an understanding of totalitarian war, and of the peril to which we are still far from fully awake.

ROBERT MORSS LOVETT

Empire v. Imperialism

The Cambridge History of the British Empire. Vol. II: The Growth of the New Empire, 1783-1870. Edited by J. Holland Rose, A. P. Newton and E. A. Benians. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1,068 pages. \$10.50.

THE STORY of the formation of the modern British Empire illustrates that even a great empire derives its being not alone from the indigenous forces of the mother country and its exclusive bonds with colonies, but also from the connection of both with the remaining states and empires, in short from the condition of the world as a whole. The empire was not fashioned, as Sir John Robert Seeley mused, in "a fit of absentmindedness." The assumption of lack of design or of consciousness is highly unjust to the alert and hard-headed statesmen of Great Britain. On a par with the notion that they did not know they were assembling an imperial realm is the notion that they did not care to do so. A strong and lasting impression of non- or anti-imperialism was fostered, as the nineteenth century advanced, by the extension of free trade, industrialism, humanitarian

reform, and especially of self-government in colonies settled by Europeans.

"The Cambridge History of the British Empire" helps to dispel that impression. The fashionable theory that mid-Victorian "Little Englanders" were eager to give up the colonies is so little true as to be more nearly false. There was never an intention to surrender India or colonial trade, even on the part of free-trade industrialists. As J. R. M. Butler puts the matter, the politicians felt that "the colonies are bound to leave us some day; but we must not, and will not, let them go now." And now, of course, is the only time there is.

Adam Smith himself had recognized that free trade was not incompatible with empire as such. Sir Robert Peel lowered tariffs and increased naval expenditures. The view that the middle of the century was a non-imperial age is due simply to a confusion of "imperialism" with "empire." Just as a state may be established without benefit of nationalism, so an empire may be established without the accompaniment of imperialistic posturings. In an arresting passage, C. R. Fay writes that "although imperialism was at a discount, empire was at a premium" in the free-trade era. It was primarily the absence of serious challengers which, while it made the expansion of empire possible, also made the political form and rationalization of "imperialism" not only superfluous but undesirable. For it takes two to make an "ism."

That is the explanation of the non-imperialism of the hundred years that followed American independence. The loss of the thirteen colonies was perhaps more important politically than economically. Its effect on British trade was not unfavorable, and attention was diverted toward the newly opened and largely uncontested riches of the East. The French Revolution, the Napoleonic Wars and the Metternich reaction forced the rivals of Great Britain to attend to the domestic tensions of Europe. The imperial field overseas was left quite open through the continental absorption of the United States, the expansion of Russia on the path of least resistance and the pusillanimous attitude of the rulers of France. Napoleon III, for all his imperialistic ambitions, coöperated with the British government in suppressing the Indian Mutiny of 1857. Hence the paradox that the empire was the product of an age not marked by imperialistic contests. No doubt the economic factor was crucial; it was industrial supremacy that enabled Great Britain to exploit these unusual opportunities. But would not the imperial effect have been quite different given a different collocation of world powers and interests?

This composite survey by twenty specialists illuminates the great enterprise from many angles: diplomatic, economic, geographic, military, social. The chapters on the struggle with France, by J. Holland Rose, the industrial revolution, by J. H. Clapham, and on free trade by Fay and H. J. Habakkuk are particularly notable. In such a work history comes to life through sheer skill in description. The scholar's amused skepticism and dry objectivity, annotated with reckless luxury, are there, but, unfortunately, the occasional touch of national self-righteousness is also there. The past of Russia, for instance, is "dubious." There exists, it seems, a "nice sense of proportion" that keeps Englishmen "from doing anything actively ridiculous." Let us all hope so.

SOLOMON F. BLOOM

Flier's Story

Hankow Return, by C. S. Archer. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 378 pages. \$2.50.

THE AUTHOR of this book, we are told by the publishers, is a brave flier who fought for China from 1937 to 1940, when he returned to England to join the RAF. Had he written a straightforward account of his experiences instead of a novel, his success would certainly have been greater. Unfortunately for him, the mechanism of human character is a great deal more complicated than that of the most intricate airplane engine. Cavalier abandon may be a necessary quality for the air fighter. No land-dweller can afford to scoff at that. But in the realm of fiction something more is required.

Except for some judiciously placed spots of local color, the action of this book might just as well have taken place on the corner of Forty-second Street and Broadway as in Shanghai. The deepest-dyed villain of the piece is an Englishman who sells dud ammunition to the Chinese army. As a subordinate pastime he smuggles drugs into the United States. He is foiled in his designs by the hero, with the assistance of the Baron von Valkenhorn, a general who is helping the Chinese. The German, needless to say, is conspicuously anti-Nazi. This is perhaps the best touch in the book. It is a mark of civilization to admit at this time that not every Englishman wears a halo and that not every German is a Hitlerite. As bitterness mounts, this is a truth which will constantly need restatement.

MILTON HINDUS

Letters from France

They Speak for a Nation: Letters from France. Edited with an introduction by Eve Curie, Philippe Barrès, Raoul de Roussy de Sales. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 238 pages. \$2.

THESE LETTERS, written by French men and women of all classes, give a graphic picture of conditions in France and of French morale. Addressed to friends in America, to General de Gaulle, to British and American short-wave stations, they tell about the things which in France can only be told in a whisper. Many of them were written under the shadow of German occupation and smuggled into "unoccupied" France. Naturally they were submitted to censorship, but not all French censors are traitors to their country. On the margin of one letter which attacks German brutality, the censor has written, "There are many such censors and they, too, listen to the BBC broadcasts. . . ."

Amid descriptions of demolished houses, hunger and cold, and sabotage, we find three political points of particular interest. First, the French attitude toward Pétain. Most letters express either outright hatred or strong dislike of the Marshal. However, quite a number of people still regard him as honest, and as the future savior of France. Subtle Nazi propaganda has not remained ineffective. Enmity toward the Boches prevails. But this the Germans don't mind. All they want at this stage is to see the French trust Pétain.

Second, there is the food problem. "Even in unoccupied France the Boches grab all that is left for us for provisioning," writes a man from Haute Savoie to the BBC. And this statement is followed by a sincere warning not to send

food across the sea, since "we suffer a hundred times more in consequence of what the Boches take from us than from the lack of commodities." And dozens of similar warnings prove that Mr. Hoover's campaign has not yet weakened French morale.

The third and clearest point is the faith of the French in this country's policy. A "typical Frenchman" confesses to a friend in America that he and his countrymen are taking far more interest in American politics than in internal problems. The United States's foreign policy has become a matter of life or death for all who oppose Hitlerism. It is this faith which keeps the spirit of democracy alive in France. "A great battle lost is not a war lost, especially when the world is rising to help," writes a captain of the French navy. There are ardent pleas to this country to speed up production, and to come to a final decision before it is too late, since "the deadly . . . slowness over there was our undoing here."

MARIANNE HAUSER

Boy on Horseback

My Friend Flicka, by Mary O'Hara. New York: J. B. Lippincott Company. 349 pages. \$2.50.

THIS IS another of the very few books about a child's life which get thoroughly inside it, to make this miniature world life-size and poignant. It is a book many benevolent elders will inflict on kids, I'm afraid (Ooo, see the little boy and the pony); but a good book about children isn't very often a good book for children, and vice versa. And "Flicka" is mainly a good book.

It is about a ranching family in one of their summers, with special emphasis on the coming-of-age of the younger boy, an eleven-year-old who is in a great deal of trouble from day-dreaming all the time. His father is a retired cavalry officer with a voice like a rifle-shot and a will to command, but with great wisdom in the way of handling animals: the contrast between the dreamer and his older brother is something he can't understand or tolerate. The mother knows more, but it is a delicate problem in relations all around, as this is essentially a happy family, close together.

But the boy is given the colt his heart is set on, even if he does not deserve it: in carrying this responsibility, he may come to know the meaning of the word in general. It isn't the end of the trouble, for the filly he chooses is wild and almost kills herself, and him too; but he gentles her and saves her, and by the end not only the reader but the family in the story realize something of how intensely he has been living, and what completely non-trivial ordeals can be undergone in the process of growing several years in a few months.

As story it is slight, but the family and its problems (the ranch is losing money for one thing), the Wyoming countryside and weather fill out the book. They are all truly there and felt because Mary O'Hara has such a shrewd way about people and a fine hand for painting in hills and sky and the look of a horse. I haven't seen such warm and intimate and never cluttered writing about living in the West since "A Lamp on the Plains," and even if it were not all this, "Flicka" would still be a fascinating source of lore in the care and understanding of all kinds of animals, including small boys. In its quiet way it is a natural.

OTIS FERGUSON

A Reader's List

VICTORIA'S HEIR: THE EDUCATION OF A PRINCE, by George Dangerfield (Harcourt, Brace, \$3). Panorama of the Victorian era in terms of the life of Edward VII while Prince of Wales, 1841-1901. One of the most satisfying biographies of Prince Bertie, attractively written, with revealing pages on slum conditions. A reminder of the strength of the Strachey tradition. Deserves wide reading.

THE RECONSTRUCTION OF EUROPE: TALLEYRAND AND THE CONGRESS OF VIENNA, 1814-1815, by Guglielmo Ferrero (Putnam, \$3.50). Apologia, from an unexpected quarter, for the Congress of Vienna in restoring European order out of the "panic" created by the French Revolution and Napoleon, and exaltation of the "constructive" work of Talleyrand, Alexander I of Russia and Louis XVIII of France. Many suggestive, but unconvincing, analogies with the present situation. Ferrero urges the United States to grasp its great opportunity to help establish world stability. His talents as a pamphleteer are more in evidence than his talents as a historian.

THINKER VERSUS JUNKER, by Will Schaber (Frederick Ungar, \$2.50). Quoting German poets, politicians and

philosophers, Will Schaber proves that all through the centuries the spirit of freedom in Germany was threatened by the mailed fist of junkerism, of which Hitlerism is only another version. Those who want to know the true historical background of Nazi Germany will find this brilliant collection of speeches, letters and statements from the time of Frederick the Great to Thomas Mann indispensable.

YOUR FOREIGN POLICY, by Robert Aura Smith (Viking, \$2.75). A member of the Foreign News Department of The New York Times describes the machinery that turns out our foreign policy. No comments on the finished product. A reference book to help the ordinary newspaper reader identify diplomatic and State Department officials.

BIOGRAPHY OF THE EARTH: ITS PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE, by George Gamow (Viking, \$3). An eminently readable and lucid account of our planet by the gifted young physicist whose "Birth and Death of the Sun" has placed him among the finest science writers of our time. Dr. Gamow reviews the physical history of the earth, beginning with its birth some two billion years ago and concluding with its possible death through the failure of solar energy in the year 10,000,000,000 A.D. Astrophysics, geology, meteorology, paleontology, geography and biology are drawn upon for their stores of evidence regard-

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ing the evolution and destiny of the earth, the whole woven into a masterly narrative that proves how absorbing the dry facts of science can be in competent hands. One chapter, on the origin and development of life, is a brilliant piece of reconstruction, especially notable for the attention which Dr. Gamow pays to the chemical views of the Soviet scientist, A. I. Oparin. Altogether, a book to assimilate and enjoy.

PAUL BUNYAN, by Esther Shephard, illustrated by Rockwell Kent (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.50). More tales from the tall-timber country about the biggest lumberjack of them all. He measured forty-two axhandles and a tobacco plug between the eyes, and when he turned over in his sleep he knocked down six square miles of pine and walnut. The writing is simple and easygoing, and doesn't intrude on the stories. Rockwell Kent does a good job, but nothing smaller than a mural can catch the strength and size of Bunyan.

SCHOOL FOR ETERNITY, by Harry Hervey (Putnam, \$2.50). Adapting an old device, Mr. Hervey assembles eight characters at a house party in the West Indies, and finishes them off after three days with a hurricane. His characters range from the odd to the grotesque, and none has much reason to be satisfied with his past. Plenty of color and drama here, though you may be rather less worked up over it all than the occasion demands.

THE FORTUNATE LADY, by Frank Swinnerton (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50). From his apparently inexhaustible supply Mr. S. fetches an item about a Cinderella of the 1880's. Scorned by her mother and two ugly sisters, this gentle heroine walks off with first prize at the end. A

pretty, intricately manipulated story, remote as a daguerreotype, and guaranteed to leave not a wrinkle on your brow.

HIS OWN PLACE, by H. W. Freeman (Morrow, \$2.50). A story about a Suffolk farmer, his struggle to buy land, farm it, keep it, and his rivalry with a sharp-dealing neighbor. Written in scenes, at intervals from 1884 to 1938, and leaving continuity up to you. Careful observation and reporting of Suffolk country, dialect, pubs, characters, the difficulties of small farming. But it doesn't make a novel.

THE BLIND MAN'S HOUSE, by Hugh Walpole (Doubleday, Doran, \$2.50). A blind man brings his pretty young bride to his childhood village—a village, inevitably, just aching to sink its teeth into this juicy marriage. Well, the ladies get their morsel, but it isn't very much of one, and surely not enough to make a success out of this posthumous novel.

EVENING IN SPRING, by August Derleth (Scribner's, \$2.50). Two nice high-school kids suffer through the wonder and agonies of first love as their elders try to break it up (and do), the boy being Catholic, the girl Protestant and the place Wisconsin. The boy and the old folks are, by now, stock Derleth and a little shopworn; the girl is led out to be kissed as the story requires.

THE CAP OF YOUTH, by Naomi Jacob (Macmillan, \$2.50). The rather overblown account of a beautiful, selfish widow and the nice young fellow she snares. He puts up with lots of nonsense from her, and the reader with lots of talk from them both, all of which finally leads him to the girl who's been in his dreams right along.

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BABETTE DEUTSCH's most recent book of verse is "One Part Love." Julian Messner, Inc. has just published her new biography, "Walt Whitman—Builder for America."

WILL W. ALEXANDER is identified in a biographical sketch following his article on page 366 of this issue. **GEORGE BARKER** is a young English poet now living in this country. His "Selected Poems" will be published by Macmillan this month.

EDWARD WEISMILLER is a Teaching Fellow in English at Harvard, whose first book, "The Deer Come Down," was the 1936 volume in the Yale Series of Younger Poets. He is collecting a second volume to be called "Wake in Darkness."

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